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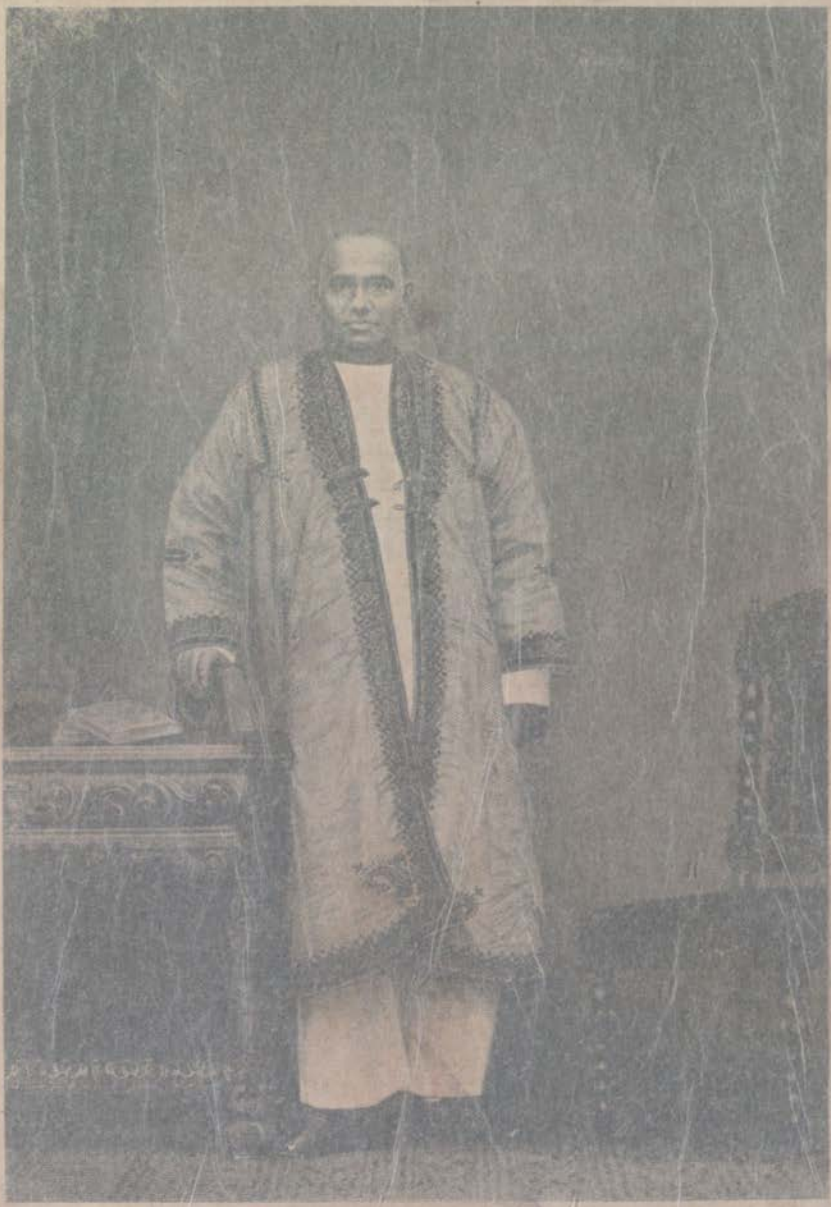

A

VISION OF SUMERU,

And Other Poems.

BY

SHOSHEE CHUNDER DUTT,

RÁI BÁHÁDOOR,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, CALCUTTA.

46848

"Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And finds his little fate for adventures"

Goldsmith.

Calcutta:
THACKER, SPINK, AND CO.,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

Most of the poems in this volume were originally published in India, and have been out of print for several years. In bringing out a new edition of them the author has preferred to get the book printed in England. The course followed may not be approvable on other grounds: what was held passable in India will, perhaps, not be tolerated in Britain; but the author being solely responsible for the error, will have no one to blame for the consequences but himself.

Calcutta,
71, *Musjeedbáree Street,*
28*th March*, 1878.

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A VISION OF SUMERU:

IN THREE CANTOS.

Canto First.

I.

Where, rock o'er rock sublimely piled,
Sumeru[1] braves the sky,
Screen'd in the bosom of the clouds,
An emerald dome uprises high,
Based on the adamantine wild,
Which many an amorous flower enshrouds
Most lovingly.

II.

There deep-embank'd Mandácini[2] flows;
O'er pearls and sapphires rolls that rill:
And fast beside, upon the hill,
The gem-enchaséd palace glows,
The abode of Bruhmá! haughty lord,
Who makes the *deos* tremble all,

[1] The principal heaven of the *Puráns*.

[2] The Ganges, so named in heaven according to the *Puráns*.

By look, and frown, and word,
When met within that council hall.[3]

III.

Lord of *devatás!* king supreme!
Dream'st thou, or wakést wrapt in light,
Panting upon the unfading bloom
Of beauty never seen in dream
By mortal man, whom night
Enshrouds with its malignant gloom,
From all that's fair and bright.

IV.

The orient clouds the morn unfold
Sky-piercing on the mountain's brow,
And, tinged by soft Aruna's[4] beam,
Thy towers outshine the ruddy gold,
And dazzling bright like mirrors glow.
Wake, sov'reign of the mead and dell!
Wake, ruler of the flood and fell!
Behold if, 'neath the morning's gleam,
Earth, sea, and air their incense pay
To thee, with slow, returning day.

V.

Up started Bruhmá on Sumeru's brow,
As o'er the snow-clad summit of that hill
Morn's golden cloud its shadow flung;

[3] Bruhmá is named the *Pitámaha*, or grandfather of the gods, and is the first of the Hindu triad.

[4] Charioteer of Surjya, the Sun.

Up started he, though him constraining
Beside him yet his spouse there lay,
Still courting dalliance; up he sprung:
The air and earth were still;
The sea, beneath the new-born day,
Reflected back the fading glow
Of stars, in heaven now waning.

VI.

The citron breathed, the myrrh dropt balm,
The bee sweet nectar stole from flowers;
But man indifferent pass'd the hours,
To heaven there rose nor prayer nor psalm.
Air, water, earth, from God their birth,
In nature's loveliest vestments smiled;
But not a living creature there,
Upon the wond'rous world so fair,
With choral voice and incense mild,
Or song of pipe or dulcimer,
Did honour to Sumeru's powers.

VII.

Tempests of black resentment lower'd
Upon the thunderer's[5] brow and eye,
That unto him no prayer arose
Either from earth or sea.

[5] The author has here taken a poet's licence to arm Bruhmá with the thunder. The *Puráns* represent him only in the character of a scholar, armed with the *Veds*, and assign the thunder to Indra, a minor deity.

Burst into flames, ye freighted clouds,
Consume the earth that dares defy
The king of kings, whose might enshrouds
Sumeru many-valed and golden-bower'd;
Burst, lightnings, burst, consume the lea,
And burn the wavy deep that glows
Ungrateful 'neath the morning sky.

VIII.

O! who had then his power withstood,
If, from his mighty hands,
The furious fires of heaven hurl'd down,
Had lighted city, mart, and town,
Grottoes and gardens, trees and lands,
And dried the ocean flood!

IX.

But thou, Ser'swati, goddess dread!
Unmatch'd in loveliness of youth,
Thou keen-eyed mark'd the danger near,
Remember'd earth, and wept a tear,
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow for its doom;
Great Bruhmá's consort thou,
The sharer of his bridal bed,
What canst thou ask and be denied?
The thund'rer's brow is calm and smooth,
Th' avenging wrath laid low,
Fled is the scowl of rage and hate
That heaven and earth defied.

X.

Upon his throne the eternal sire,
Then sate him slowly down,
His throne of sandal laid with gold:
O'er all supreme he sat alone,
Almighty he, of power untold,
And bade Pavana[6] fleet to go
To all the gods that dwelt enthroned
In heaven above, or earth below,
Or in the caverns ocean-zoned;
And bid them be assembled all
In Meru's golden hall,
Nor fail therein for Bruhmá's ire.

XI.

Pavana straight his wings he bound
To waft him fleetly through the air,
He donn'd his golden sandals too,
And, as he stretch'd his pinions wide,
He held the snow-crown'd hills in view,
Where heavenly gods reside;
His flapping wings awoke a sound,
As light he skimm'd through regions rare.

XII.

Kailása,[7] 'twas thy peak he sought,
Where dwells great Siva free,
Where chill blasts shake the quivering leaves

[6] The god of wind, and messenger of heaven.
[7] The heaven of Siva.

On spring-fed trees of top sublime,
The stately cedar, and the palm
Ambrosial fragrance fraught!
He lighted where the mountain heaves
Its deep-fork'd summit to the sky;
For there Pavana could descry
The dreaded lord of Time,
Seated apart on high,
With Gauri[8] on his knee,
Wiling with love the morning calm.

XIII.

Her glowing cheek was on his breast,
And he on her with fondness hung;
Their hands in mutual love comprest,
As ne'er can be express'd in song:
There zephyr toy'd, the warbling bird
Tuned there unto his silent mate,
And perfumes breath'd as leaves were stirr'd;
Luxuriant leaves, unpruned, elate,
And wanton grown on branches high:
When Siva mark'd the coming feet,
And, curbing straight the lover's sigh,
Pavana bold he thus did greet—

XIV.

"Pavana, of ambrosial wings,
Say, wherefore o'er the wide expanse
Of ether thou hast stray'd?

[8] Gauri, Umá, Párvati, are the several names of Siva's wife; and the *Puráns* represent the husband and wife as always making love to each other.

What message from Sumeru's height
Bear'st thou to me? Where battle rings,
And wolves drink blood, with gory lance
Or dread *trisula*[9] keen and bright,
Doth Bruhmá call for aid?"

XV.

The godhead ceased; and thus to him Pavana
did reply:
"I know not aught of battles grim;
But, in his starry dome,
Great Bruhmá doth thy coming wait;
And all the gods that rule on high,
And all beneath the waves that home,
Must thither haste in state:
Such is the order given."

XVI.

He said, and then towards high Vycant[1]
He plied his pinions bold;
Nor stopp'd he till he reach'd the dome,
Dread Vishnu's adamantine home,
Of diamond-splinters built, and gold,
Tipp'd by the sun that beam'd aslant.

XVII.

The dome its silver gates unbarr'd;
On lotus bed yet Vishnu lay,

[9] Trident—the favourite weapon of Siva.
[1] The heaven of Vishnu.

With Lakshmi[2] clasp'd within his arms,
Unconscious of the day:
Lakshmi won from ocean home,
When Mándár plough'd the virgin foam,[3]
By *deos* and by giants whirl'd,
Ere giants had with *deos* warr'd;
More fair than e'en the fabled three,
Who met the blooming shepherd boy
On Ida steep, his kine beside,
And bade the rustic nothing coy
Their heavenly graces see,
And there between them sooth decide
Who own'd the lovelier charms;
More fair than them was Lakshmi sure,
And ah! perchance, she was more pure.

XVIII.

"Lord of Pedmálá![4] Vishnu dread!
Arise! for Bruhmá sends me here;
Awake! Náráyan[5] wake!
This is no time to press the bed,
Of lotus though that bed should be;
For lo! 'tis council hour,
And seated in Sumeru's bower,
Bruhmá awaits for thee,

[2] The wife of Vishnu.

[3] The celebrated churning of the ocean, which forms the subject of the late Mr. H. M. Parker's beautiful poem, the "Draught of Immortality."

[4] Pedmálayá, a name of Lakshmi.

[5] One of the thousand names of Vishnu.

Thou earth-preserving peer!" [6]
Thus loud Pavana spake.

XIX.

Nor tarried there the god of wind;
To star-deck'd [7] Indra's court on high
He fleetly flew, whose bowers of brass
Resounded with the amorous lay
Of youthful *apsarás*; [8]
There vernal blasts the whole year long,
Responsive to each amorous song,
Through rubied halls for ever play;
And Sachi [9] of the beauteous eye,
And of the constant mind,
O'er minor gods extends her sway.

XX.

"Ye gods and demi-gods, my message hear,"
Thus spake Pavana to that joyous throng;
"Bruhmá to council summons all:
Purandra [1] first these gods among,
Varuna, king of rain-drops clear,

[6] Vishnu is the Preserver, Bruhmá the Creator, and Siva the Destroyer of the Universe, according to the *Puráns*.

[7] Indra is always represented as marked all over with stars. The story relating to the circumstance will not bear to be repeated.

[8] The courtesans of heaven.

[9] The wife of Indra, celebrated for her chastity.

[1] Purandra, a name of Indra. Varuna, Ábju, Bhánu, &c., are all subordinate gods of Indra's heaven.

And Ábju, Bhánu, Nairrit bold,
Kuvera, god of shining gold,
Hasten to Sumeru's hall;
The king of kings there sits alone,
And wants ye all around his throne."

XXI.

This said, along the sounding deep,
Among the windings of the shore,
Stooping from the aerial heights,
Pavana bold his message bore
To gods and genii, such as keep
Their ancient seats beneath the flood,
And such as haunt earth's woods and groves:
Instant they ceased their pranks and fights,
Instant was hush'd their songs and loves,
In ocean-cave, and shady wood,
As each to Bruhmá's summons bow'd.

XXII.

In high Sumeru's golden hall
The gods are met, a glorious band!
Fair Reti moves [2] amongst them all,
The *amrita* [3] in her lily hand,
That grief-divorcing nectar sweet:
Each quaffs the beverage in his turn,
And feels a glow within him burn;
Till Indra, starting from his seat,
Thus in bold terms did Bruhmá greet:

[2] Reti, the wife of the god of love, and cup-bearer of heaven.
[3] The nectar of the gods.

XXIII.

"Say, king of all! what 'special need
Convenes us here, what cause unknown
Detains from love the *deos* free,
Assembled now before thy throne?
We fain would to our sports repair,
Our wanton sports and luscious fare,
Inflaming more the more enjoy'd;
Then haste, declare thy purpose high,
And see thy will obey'd."

XXIV.

To whom the sov'reign thus replied:
"*Devatás* all! the heavens are fair,
And here we are indeed supreme:
Vanquish'd and dead the *asoors* grim
Our might and fame no more deride,
And love and nectar still are sweet:
But, I have mark'd, with anguish rent,
That from the earth and sea,
Nor vows are offer'd us, nor prayer.
It was not thus in days of yore;
The very breezes sigh'd our name,
The woods our praises murmuring bore,
And ocean-waves with loud acclaim
All roll'd responsive to our fame;
And temples of stone or humbler clay,
Now mould'ring in decay,
Acknowledged Meru's haughty powers.
We live as then, as proud we be,

Still relish we the taste of blood;
How then dares man, with off'rings meet,
And breathing incense, and fair flowers,
Neglect our favours to repay?
Devise we now, with one consent,
To probe the reason, and resent:"
Thus spoke the offended god.

XXV.

Attention held the synod mute;
Till fiery Siva, proudest he
Of all the gods of proud repute,
In burning language thus replied:
"Does Bruhmá to the gods complain
Of slighted worship in the vales below,
Neglected altars, rites denied?
He hath his tempests, bolts of fire;
Why sleeps the thunder in his hand?
Plagues, pests, and cares, diseases dire,
Await the ethereal sire's command;
Let him taste vengeance: sweeter far
Is vengeance than the taste of blood.
But why should he enkindle all?
For me in Káshi's sacred fane,
In Kámroop's shady wood,
On well-heap'd altars offerings glow,
Alike by night and day;
Though hither met at Bruhmá's call,
I wage no war with guiltless men;
Guiltless to me are they,
As guiltless men to gods might be."

XXVI.

"And me, in Gokool's spicy shade"—
Thus Vishnu spoke, in smiles array'd—
"The village girls, in friendly bands,
Propitiate still with vows and prayer;
And Pooree's temple yet commands
The realms of ocean and of air,
Based on the foaming shore,
Where waves their malice vent in vain;
For there, above the billows roar,
Ye still may hear the peaceful bell,
And the shrill wreathéd strain
Of the deep and sounding shell[4]
Murári loves so well."

XXVII.

Then out spoke Káli,[5] goddess dread,
Of sable charms and colour vain,
Whose garland human skulls entwine;
Her rounded bosom, firm and bare,
No robe concealéd but her hair,[6]
In curling tresses flowing down;
Dusky like night she seem'd,
But ah! with youthful beauty warm,

[4] *Shankh, chakra, gadá, padma*—or a shell, a discus, a club, and a lotus—are the armorial bearings of Vishnu.

[5] Here Káli and Umá are alluded to as two distinct personages, but according to the *Puráns* they are only different representations of one and the same deity.

[6] Káli is always represented naked, and of a black colour.

Her eyes with sparry lustre gleam'd,
And love lurk'd in her dusky form:
"With daily offerings at my shrine
My votaries their homage pay;
And temples reeking red
With blood of myriad victims slain,
Proclaim my sway."

XXVIII.

Imperial Lakshmi next,
Of winning air and lotus grace,
Who fired three deities with her radiant charms,[7]
When rescued from her ocean caves,
Till Hari snatch'd her to his arms—
The nereid of the waves!
Open'd her rosy lips, and said:
"According to each sacred text
My power on earth is yet obey'd;
With pious incense pure,
And rites divine, the human race
My name adore."

XXIX.

And Umá, mountain-nymph, whom erst
In Gauri's groves the *Rishis* saw

[7] There was a regular struggle for the possession of Lakshmi, when she was churned out of the ocean; the candidates for her hand being Bruhmá, Vishnu, and Siva. She preferred Vishnu, who married her.

In all her naked loveliness,[8]
Smooth-footed[9] Umá blushing spoke:
"With offerings meek and pious care,
And soul-enpleasing awe,
On earth my name they yet revere;
Bruhmá may grudge his rites unpaid—
I speak it not in pride—
Of heavenly powers the first,
North, south, east, west, in every place,
Through realms of air, o'er oceans wide,
Where'er I turn my look,
I see myself obey'd."

XXX.

Half-smiling, yet with looks severe,
Then answer'd Bruhmá, sov'reign of the skies:
"Ye speak too proudly, hear!
Kamalá,[1] Káli, Umá wise,
Sisters in beauty, I envy not your fame,
Immortal glory is the meed of charms,
Enjoy immortal name;
Though men should cease to worship ye,
Ye still will find adorers here:
Nor Vishnu's praise, nor Rudra[2] thine,

[8] The *Rishis* surprised Siva and his wife in a grove which, from that time, went by the name of Gauri.

[9] Called 'smooth-footed' because, according to one of the Puráns, Bruhmá was so fascinated by the sight of her pretty feet, as to be entirely unable to control himself.

[1] A nameof Lakshmi.

[2] A name of Siva.

Covets the Lord of heaven and earth,
If ye on earth are praiséd still.
Heed me, ye gods, these words of mine,
I speak them not from false alarms,
Of danger true I caution ye;
Your dues and mine are near forgot,
Our favours men remember not,
At other shrines they kneel,
Perchance to gods of foreign birth,
Some alien enemy."

XXXI.

"Malice, 'tis malice!" Siva [3] cried;
"Deep graven in thy heart remain
That curse which all thy shrines o'erturn'd,
When thou, with lusty fire,
To couch with Sandhya burn'd,[4]
Sandhya, thy own, thy blooming child!
While Ladjá,[5] bashful maid,
Ran to the fearful virgin's aid,
And *Rishis* shriek'd with horror wild.
Droohinu,[6] in thy heart of pride,
Why yet that curse dost thou retain?
Our worship wherefore enviest thou?
By Palté's ring,[7] where hills aspire

[3] Siva is always represented as a very quarrelsome deity.

[4] Bruhmá made love to his own daughter, and, according to some authorities, lived with her for a hundred years.

[5] Shame—poetically represented in the *Puráns* as a virgin.

[6] One of the thousand names of Bruhmá.

[7] Bruhmá is said to be still worshipped by some nations beyond the Himálayá mountains.

The ambient clouds above to ride,
Art thou not worshipp'd now?"

XXXII.

Ill could his words great Brahmá brook,
Prajápati,[8] lord of gods and kings,
Whom gods like slaves obey'd;
The candent bolts within his hands,
To free themselves a struggle made,
And yet his eager wrath he stay'd
As thus reproving proud he spoke:
"Cease, wrangler cease, thou torch of heaven,
E'er quarrelling with thy king's commands,
To foul dissension wholly given,
And with whose brawls Sumeru rings.
A god more lewd[9] and vicious sure
Than thee the heavens do not contain,
And I thy scoffs may not endure;
For mine is creation vast, and mine
To rule alone supreme on high,
Nor, e'en though all the gods combine,
Wrangler, shalt thou my power defy."

XXXIII.

Then Siva fiercely thus replied:
"Reign if thou wilt, on others reign,
If all the assembled *deos* here

[8] Lord of Creatures.
[9] He is represented as such throughout the *Purâns*.

As slaves thy 'hests obey,
Thy thunders fear;
But think not Bruhmá, me to sway;
Not I, nor mine,
To that ignoble herd belong;
Inferior nor to thee, nor none, as strong,
Equal in glory, equal in command,
I rule alone,
Firm on Kailása's mountain throne:
Before again thou darest to chide,
Resolve if thou would'st light the brand—
The bloody brand of war."

XXXIV.

And now all heaven in discord dire
Had straight involvéd been;
For Bruhmá met with wilder look
Bhootesu's[1] glance of living fire,
And the heavenly mountain shook,
Though vast and founded deep,
Appalléd at the stormy scene!
When up Ganesa rose to view,
The child of Umá's secret loves,[2]
Whose words were like the honey dew
The soft Bhramaras[3] daily sip,
Or store within their waxy cells,

[1] One of the thousand names of Siva.

[2] Ganesa is the child of Umá without a father, as Mars of Juno. His mother is said to have formed him by collecting the scum that floated in her washing-tub.

[3] Bees.

In Chaitra-rátha's balmy groves,[4]
And fragrant, bosky dells.

XXXV.

"Ye gods, in mercy from dissension cease,
Mightiest of all, close not in strife,
For wisdom [5] now adviseth peace.
Bruhmá, thy words with truth if rife—
And I thy truth nor question nor deny—
This is no time for us to fret;
When alien gods earth's homage claim
Friendship in heaven should be well knit:
Then chafe not thou, with haughty pride,
Gireesha's [6] heart of flame:
Nor thou, dread father, trident arm'd,
Give hours to wrath to council due,
Nor scorn Droohinu's truth;
But calmly weigh the facts reveal'd:
Call Mitra forth,[7] and Indu [8] too,
And Kasyapa's gay daughters[9] robed in youth,
Who twinkling watch the sky;
From them naught e'er can be conceal'd;
Let them speak out, of fear disarm'd,
Of what beneath the light of day,
Or 'neath Himánsu's silver ray,[1]
They have on earth descried."

[4] The groves o Chaitra-rátha fringe the borders of Sumeru.
[5] Ganesa is the god of wisdom.
[6] A name of Siva. [7] The sun. [8] The moon.
[9] The stars. [1] Moonlight.

XXXVI.

The list'ning gods the words approved;
And straight Divácar,[2] prince of day,
In form a lovely youth there stood,
In molten gold array'd:
"Yes, I have seen," he softly said,
"Traversing on my rapid car
Through ether's wide, cerulean way,
Climes where our names are unbeloved,
Our favours uncaress'd;
And e'en in Bhárat's plains and woods,
Methinks I often hear from far
Strange prayers to stranger gods address'd."

XXXVII.

Next Chandra[3] spoke, a female now,
Unsex'd by Siva's deadly ire,
For much officious speed,
When he with labour had resolved,
And many a wily art,
The scruples of Rohini's shame,
And clasp'd her guilty to his heart:
"Surveying every spot and spire,
Attesting every secret deed,
While climbing up the empyrean brow
In midnight gloom involved,
I oft have seen, the sights not rare,

[2] The sun, or rather, he who makes the day.

[3] The moon, originally a male deity, but turned into a female for surprising his own wife Rohini in the arms of Siva

Though some yet laud our praise and name,
That alien gods the worship share."

XXXVIII.

The sister stars, a beauteous band,
With blushes in their speaking eyes,
In accents soft as dew confest
How, mid the stillness of the night,
They oft had seen the temples stand
Unlighted, and with altars cold;
Sudersan's praise, Mahesa's rite,[4]
Unpaid, unsung they could attest;
And they had heard dread blasphemies
By human lips oft told,
Such as ne'er the *asoors* bold
Had hurl'd against the skies.

XXXIX.

Then thus the ruler Bruhmá spake:
" Gods, ye have heard the sun divine,
Who shines upon the immortal powers,
The moon and stars, who nightly mount
Heaven's concave high to look adown;
Say, will we still men's slights disown?
Or, well convinced, will ye combine,
Your counsels sage to me alending,
To bring impiety to account?
Let each his own choice take,

[4] Vishnu and Siva.

To stand by me, our rights befriending,
Or court dull ease within his bowers."

XL.

Scarce had he ceased when Siva rose;
And alter'd was his tone and look,
As thus repentant now he spoke:
"Glory of gods, and worthiest far,
Thy truth, dim erst, now stands confest,
Bruhmá! nor I dark doubts retain.
Forgive the words I harshly said,
That did a raging mind disclose,
And ah! so ill-applied to thee;
And let us instant haste to war,
To avenge our slighted might,
Slighted by men profane.
I with my *trisula* bright,
Thou with thy bolts of fire,
And Vishnu, armed with *chakra*[5] dread,
And Umá with her war-brand dire,
In concert acting, by thee led,
Will soon and amply be repaid;
And, ere the sun slopes to the west,
A ruin'd heap the earth shall be."

XLI.

But Vishnu check'd his comrade's haste,
And Bruhmá did his words approve:
"Let all the immortals rest," he said,

[5] The discus, one of the weapons of Vishnu.

"Safe in Sumeru's golden bowers,
Where space enough there is for all;
While Márut, herald of our will,
Explores the earth on pinions brave,
That we may learn what adverse powers
Dispute with us man's pious love.
Deem not that I their might do dread,
For I Kytábhu laid in dust,
And Mádhu fierce and tall,[6]
When, with ambitious aim,
To wage their impious wars, they came
E'en to our hallow'd homes above.
Janárdhan named, the good I save,
And, fearing none,
The wicked I distress them still!
But sure, 'tis wiser far
With open eyes our foes to see,
What powers, what numbers, or how strong they be,
Ere we rush headlong to the war,
Involving heaven's high throne."

XLII.

"Well said," was Bruhmá's brief reply,
And all the gods with loud acclaim
The counsel did approve;
And straight, obedient to their call,
Pavana stood before them all,
To plough the breeze or cleave the sky,

[6] *Asoors*, both.

For he was e'er athirst of fame,
And fond afar to rove.

XLIII.

"Speed to the earth on tempest wings,"
Said Bruhmá to his herald bold;
"And, as you pass each valley fair,
Or mountain sublime with forests crown'd,
Or streamlet pure and cold,
Fed from its everlasting springs,
Observe the habits, ways of men,
Their pleasures and their pride,
And, most of all, inquire,
By subtle means, with art profound,
What *deos* they revere,
Where dwelling, what their power, since when
And whence their sway:
Behold Sumeru's portals wide,
Speed on thine errand—haste away."

XLIV.

As shoots the lightning in its flight,
From cloud to cloud, the welkin through,
As parts the arrow from the bow,
Upon its deathful task awending,
So quick, from Sumeru's giddy height,
Down on his darkling way descending,
Did Márut on the earth alight.

XLV.

Meanwhile, the council labours done,

With festive cheer Sumeru rung,
While pass'd around the nectar gay
From deep *sumadra's* bosom won;[7]
The matchless Lakshmi led the dance,
And Seraswati tuned the lyre,
Waking upon its golden wire
Sweet notes the troubled heart to trance;
And Umà, and her min'strant fair
The youthful Reti sung,
While Cáma,[8] playful child,
On all sides sped, in frolic wild,
His shafts with flow'rets strung,
Piercing through stone and steel,
And melting in the bowers above,
The immortal hearts to love!
To ears profane how shall my lay
Their loves reveal?

Canto Second.

I.

'Twas night, and Surjya lull'd asleep
On fawn-eyed Soma's breast reposed;[9]
And birds, and beasts, and mortal men,
With weary eyelids closed,

[7] The *amrita* was won at the churning of the ocean.

[8] The god of love.

[9] According to a text of the *Veds*, Surjya, or the sun, is the wife of Soma, the moon. "Prajápati gave his daughter Surjya Sávitri to Soma the king."

In silent slumber, calm and deep,
Found rest awhile from toil and pain.

II.

'Twas night, when down the moonless sky,
Borne on his azure pinions bold,
Pavana did on earth alight:
'Twas dark, but to his heavenly eye
That darkness naught conceal'd;
He darted through the gloomy night
Where Himálay of summit cold
Its loftiest heights reveal'd.

III.

Nor rested, till he found the peak
Where Párvati, the mountain maid,
With many a charm from mystic lore,
In pious voice, with manners meek,
Did Siva's glorious name adore,[1]
Ere he with love her love repaid,
And, on its viewless crest,
The prostrate virgin prest!

IV.

He lighted where by Kedár steep[2]
Gaurikoond spreads her mourning waters,
The silent pool where Gauri laved,

[1] Párvati, or Umá, gained her husband by much worship and austerity.

[2] Kedárnath, one of the peaks of the Himálayá mountains.

Ere she to Sancara[3] with rare flowers
Her pious tribute paid:
No longer now the mountain daughters
Sought its bosom cold and deep,
The lake no more in ripplets waved;
By frost impearl'd, its harden'd bed
For Umá grieved, and happier hours.

V.

From many a secret fountain rushing
Mandácini here the earth attain'd,[4]
To lose her holier name!
Her curling eddies, foaming, gushing,
Now in [illegible] lashing,
And now [illegible] proudly dashing,
The eternal hills did rend;
And prickly bush, and brambles gay
In vain essay'd her pride to tame,
Or check her truant play.

VI.

Pavana stood awhile to see
The giant hills, the infant stream;
O, 'twas a glorious scene!
A child rock'd in its nurses' arms,
Playing with puny glee,
Or fretted now with wild alarms,
That foamy rill did seem;

[3] Siva.

[4] The author has called this one of the sources of the Ganges and so it is; but Gangotri is generally considered the chief source of the sacred river.

But savage were the nurses seen,
The child 'twas wond'rous fair!
Pavana gazed upon its charms,
For much to gaze upon was there;
The silent sky was cool and calm,
Lethéan was its fresh'ning balm.

VII.

So grand the scene the god of wind
Might well his errand have forgot:
But from the heavenly mind
The call of duty escapeth not.
A little bower [illegible]
From which c[illegible]ay,
A twinkling li[illegible] star;
A hermit there, by night and day,
From haunts of men afar,
The names of Siva did repeat
Eternal rest to win.

VIII.

He bends him to the lonely grot;
He feigns a woman's form;
A woman old, staff-propp'd he seem'd,
Her front deep-furrow'd, sunk her eyes,
And hair all silver'd o'er;
Thus wends he to the lonely spot,
Feeble and slow as crawls a worm,
Yet, sure of tread, o'er crags he hies,
Till he attains the lowly door
From which the feeble rush-light gleam'd.

IX.

He knocks: "Come in," in silver tone
He hears the gentle hermit speak;
"What would my sister in this waste?
Infirm and old, what dost thou seek?
What art thou? whence? and why alone?
By what distress now hither cast?
Reveal. E'en men here seldom roam,
And hither women never come."

X.

"Ah! how can I to thee unfold
What I was once when in my glory?
Young was I in the days of yore,
Of noble blood, and beauty rare,
And many were the youths who woo'd me;
But one I loved above them all,
Who never from my side did fail,
Till, by his smiles and speeches fair,
My maiden heart it was beguiled.
Ah, little did my love avail!
Alas! it is a common story;
I trusted him and was defiled:
And then he left me all in tears,
With laden womb and in despair.
My womb a growing burden felt,
I felt a chillness in my heart;
Till yet a greater, heavier guilt,
Made child and mother part.
And ever since the rock and moor,

And forest depths have been my home;
The troubled soul, for ever grieving,
Nor recks the rain, nor dreads to roam
Where wintry winds prevail.
To wipe away that only sin—
How hard, alas! is heaven to win—
I visit shrines both great and small,
To bend my frozen knee.

XI.

"From Ánkhee's hallow'd pile returning,
Where Gungá hath another spring,
I saw Budrináth's fountains pure;
And thence, the fear of death still scorning,
Bent on my backward way,
To see Gaurikoond's icy plain
My footsteps here I bring;
And, onward hence, I mean to view
Gangotri's sacred fane;
And then, by Hurdwar's cheerless door,
Return to Bhárut's vales below.
But tell me, brother, why so few
Now hither come their vows to pay?
Is earth then sinless grown?
For I have wander'd all the way,
Pursued my pilgrimage alone,
And hence I must as lonely go:
The mighty cause, if known, explain,
Why men despise, how gods have fallen low."

XII.

"It grieves me, sister, thou shouldst ask

By me the cause to be resolved,
Why men have impious grown;
By night and day that cause have I,
In waking and in dreams, revolved,
Till I could only guess but one:
The *Mlech'has*, who with friendly mask
Our wealth and substance all consume,
And profit by our loss,
Our sacred gods defy, and call
Upon their hearers blunt to join
With lying words their dread impiety.
They worship, fools, a wooden cross;
And other fools, by folly led,
Or drawn by foul insidious arts,
In all the blindness of their hearts,
Their barbarous rites are choosing,
Renouncing e'en their fathers' creed,
So grand, so beautiful!
But soon those gods they dare disown—
Sister, they never sleep—
Will rise with might combined,
Their wrath unloosing;
I know great Siva's fiery mind:
In secret yet my thoughts I keep,
The wrongs are great, the hour is nigh,
And dreadful will the vengeance be—
Th' apostates' well-earn'd doom.

XIII.

"Thou goest by Hurdwar's sacred shrine,
To India's peaceful plain,

Go, watch the daily sacrilege
That holy sites profane.
Hither they come not, hypocrites frail,
None climbs Himávan's dismal ridge;
For truth inures the mind alone
To hardships such as thou hast past:
But in each southern, sunny vale
Traitors about the temples run,
Who gods betray and men deceive.
Despite their vaunt, and brag, and boast,
There Bráhmans, in their unblest hands,
From Káffirs unblest gifts receive;
And beggars, dress'd in pilgrim bands,
Like *Dandi* strict, or *Sunyasi*,[5]
Indulge in lust and wine.
But thou art weary, sister; sleep—
Thou needést rest to strengthen thee—
While I my nightly vigils keep."

XIV.

"Ah! sleep and I are strangers grown,
I cannot slumber now;
To witness deeds of graceless men,
To witness all that thou hast seen,
I leave Himálayá's brow;
The stars in heaven are shining bright,
Nor reck I yet for gloomy night,
Nor dread I yet to stray alone:
Brother, adieu, I may not stay,
Though long and dreary be the way."

[5] Religious mendicants.

This said, he took an eagle's form,
And swift on pinions broad and strong,
In act to mingle with the storm,
He left the genial cell, and flew
Far upwards borne along,
Screen'd from the hermit's longing view.

XV.

The hoary hermit wond'ring gazed;
"A god! a god!" he cried amazed,
"Great Siva, it was thou!"
To him the god unknown,
Unknown alike for what he came,
He only murmur'd Siva's name;
"Great Siva, wherefore me deceive?
What mighty purpose brought thee down,
How shall I dare conceive!
But since thou hast thus honour'd me,
Excuse my failings, deity!"

XVI.

And now Rajani [6] rosy-palm'd,
Seated upon her golden throne,
Peep'd from her orient chambers fair,
Above the mists of dawning gray;
And Arun, starting from her saffron gate,
Onward guided great Surjya's car
In awful grandeur veil'd!

[6] Here Surjya is understood as a male deity, after the *Puráns*, and having two wives—Rajani, of celestial birth, and Nichsubhá of human parentage.

From his aerial height he then look'd down
Pavana, and afar he kenn'd,
Where Hurdwar frown'd in solemn state,
Gungá on India's plains descend,
By naked eremites hail'd!
The sun glanced fair upon the stream;
And where its current, fury calm'd,
Winded in limpid course its way,
Through tangling thorn and copse-wood grim
Proud fanes he could descry,
Lifting their sacred summits high
Beneath the light of day.

XVII.

On outspread pinions, poised on high,
With downward look Pavana hung,
Unnoticed by the clamorous throng;
Birds numerous flutter'd in the sky,
And of the many he seem'd one—
A witness of the doings done.

XVIII.

He hover'd nearer, till right o'er
The assembled multitude he came
And floated; and he did hear
Full many a spell of potent power
For wicked sprites and fays to fear,
And praises of the river sung,
And gods all mention'd each by name:
But mad and boisterous was the lay
That did their praises thus prolong,

And ye might hear Pavana mourn—
" Such worship do not covet they,
Better no worship than such scorn."

XIX.

Then forward towards the southern sky,
In grief and pain he turn'd his eye,
In act to leave the spot;
When lo! far from the raving throng,
The wild retired rocks among,
A human form he 'spied;
Bent on his knees that man there sought
Communion with his god:
Ah! Piety lives, Pavana cried,
Then flew towards the rugged sod,
And heard the prayer of the pious man,
As thus its measured numbers ran:

PRAYER.

1.

" The sunny skies are often clouded,
And sorrow lours where gladness reign'd;
But naught disturbs the peace of mind
Which trust in Thee, O Lord! hath gain'd.

2.

" Good and evil always blended,
Pleasures marr'd by grief and care,
Show how all on earth is empty:
Heaven excepted, what is fair?

3.

"The jewell'd bosom often hideth
A thousand fountains of unrest;
The beggar, Jesus, loved by Thee,
Is oft than crownéd princes blest.

4.

"Wisdom, station, youth, and beauty,
They sting alike, then pass to dust;
What never stings and never passeth
Is in Thee the good man's trust.

5.

"Fortune's tide now ebbing, flowing,
Changes, alas! in every hour;
Naught is steadfast save Jesus Thou,
It knows no change Thy mercy's power.

6.

"Then why should fortune ever vex me?
Or why the world should me allure?
From pain and tears no wealth can save me,
But Thou canst every evil cure.

7.

"At Siva's shrine for power they bow,
For wealth at Vishnu's offerings lay;
But I nor wealth nor power demand,
Great Jesus! be my prop and stay."

XX.

The prayer was fervent, pious, meek,
But who could Jesus be?
That name Pavana ne'er had heard;
Vishnu and Siva both disclaim'd,
And Jesus alone by him thus named,
Whom did the sinner seek?
A thousand names hath Váni's[7] lord,
Bruhmá! perhaps 'twas he!
Thus Márut reason'd, then exulting flew
Jumuná's current dark to view.

XXI.

Lightly his pinions beat the air,
Yet rapid as a dream
Through the vast distance him they bear;
And now above Mathoorá's town,
Pass'd Brindá's scented grove,[8]
He slowly steers, and oft looks down
Upon the sod that Krishna[9] bore,—
Krishna, the joyous theme
Of many a tale and lay of love,
Whom milk-maids yet adore.

XXII.

The winds from Gokool's spicy plain,
How odour fraught they come!

[7] Váni, a name of Seraswati.

[8] Brindábun.

[9] One of the incarnations of Vishnu, who had sixteen thousand concubines, all *gopis*, or milk-women.

Thy heart dilates; rest, Pavan rest,
Thy daring zeal restrain;
See weary Surjya to the west
Hast'ning to fair Nichsubhá's [1] home,
Rest, Márut rest!

XXIII.

Where, on the river's sedgy side,
The antelope free unharness'd stray'd
And cropp'd the lotus wild,
Beside a fane decay'd
By sacred billows laved,
Pavana lighted; and now, ding, dong!
The bells sonorous rung,
While stood in order ranged, and mild,
With hands upraised, a numerous throng;
But as the pæan rose they raved,
And pray'd aloud with Stentor's tongue:
And now, with bosoms open wide,
Or robed in linen soft and thin
That scarce conceal'd the limbs within,
The *deva-dáshis* [2] danced,
Burning with love unchaste and wild desire;
And, as they murmur'd Krishna's name,
And sung of Rádhá's [3] hallow'd flame,
Full many a wanton look they glanced,
Darting from lusty eyes contagious fire
Return'd by votaries seeming pure!

[1] The terrestrial wife of Surjya, and daughter of Viswakarmá.

[2] Women devoted to the service of temples.

[3] The principal mistress of Krishna.

XXIV.

As if in contrast to the scene,
Kneeling upon the margin green
Of the clear and limpid flood,
Beneath the broad banáná's shade
Márut a lonely youth descried,
Who, heedless of the throng,
A prayer devout devoutly pray'd
Unto some nameless god,
And thus in exultation sung:

PRAYER.

1.

"Salvation, O Salvation!
Health of the sinner's soul!
Life of the sorrow laden!
Lead me to your goal;
By my loved Redeemer's gore,
By the impious taunts He bore,
Take me to your haven shore.

2.

"Salvation, O Salvation!
Bring me your healing tide;
I am the helpless, hopeless one,
For whom my Saviour died:
His sinless blood is trickling free,
I see His death's last agony,
With gory hands He beckons me.

3.

"His writhing nerves, His bitter tears
When the great deed was done,
When He, the holiest, died to save,
For me Redemption won:
Then was the noon-day sun enshrouded,
The earth with fearful darkness clouded,
While impious rabble trembling crowded.

4.

"The temple's veil was rent in twain,
And, in the hour of gloom,
The sheeted dead arose and walk'd
Out of the silent tomb:
Thus did my Saviour die for me,
His erring sheep to redeem He,
Then welcome be His cross to me!

5.

"Death, thine empire's at an end;
King of terrors! what art thou?
He beckons to eternal life,
Blest are they who follow now:
Come rich and poor to Zion's gate,
Pass, while it is open yet,
Rejoice my soul thou art not late."

XXV.

"The cross, the cross, of which he spake,
That pious hermit old,

The cross this lowly man adores,"
With self thus communed Márut bold;
"A wooden cross his god if be
He worshippeth most piously;
Could I his sleeping heart awake
To nobler truths than it hath found,
Jumuná's shores
With holier anthems would rebound."

XXVI.

But he was gone; that pious youth
Pavana saw no more;
Leaving the river's reedy side,
A lone and rugged path he took,
And reach'd the home where he did 'bide
Unseen, unknown:
Pavana's heart was grieved full sore,
"Why tarry yet since he is gone?"

XXVII.

Shrill sang the rising northern gale,
When on his pinions bold again
Pavana left the scented vale—
Mathoorá's hallow'd ground!
And bent him, through the welkin wide,
Towards blest Prayága's distant plain,[4]
Where Jumná pours her gentle tide
On Gungá's bosom fiercely heaving:
There too Ser'swati, the poet sings,
Through under-ground her passage cleaving,

[4] Alláhábád.

Still to her beauteous sister bound,
Her silver-eddied tributes brings,
To roll together to the sea,
In boist'rous harmony.

XXVIII.

Wrapp'd in the clouds of sable night,
Borne swiftly onwards Márut flew,
Till he the blesséd valley gain'd
Before the dawn of light;
Broad and majestic here the stream
That he a purling rill did view
Mid Himálayá's steeps of snow;
And laughing as an infant's dream,
Her Jumná met, with force restrain'd,
In calm, pellucid flow.

XXIX.

See, pilgrims on the margin stand,
Awaiting there the break of day,
To plunge them in the torrent pure:
List, to the strains of the clam'rous band
Far o'er the distance dying away,
Of zealots the impassion'd verse;
List, to the mystic roar
That, like the music of the sea,
Or the new-born thunder's lullaby,
The praises of the gods rehearse.

XXX.

Pavana listen'd, while the morn,
Ascending o'er the eastern sky,

Forbade the stars with useless light
To tarry on the wake of night,
And strew'd with dimpling gold the stream:
The night dispersed, the people plunged
Into the groaning flood,
And shouts tremendous rose on high;
The blesséd powers on Meru's brow
Might well have heard the deaf'ning scream,
As on their thrones they lounged;
So loud each votary hail'd his god.

XXXI.

That frantic shout, to Márut's ear
Beareth, alas! no heart-felt prayer,
No vocal song of love,
Or innocence and purity.
"How strange," thinks he, "in such an hour,
So calm, so peaceful, and so clear,
When every leaf and every flower
Their grateful praise to gods above,
With silent fervour, seem to pay,
Man, man alone cannot refrain
From impious mockery!
If earth hath not a holier spot
Than blest Prayága's vaunted shrine,
The gods in sooth are worshipp'd not;
For, ah! this worship's not divine.
Still bear me on my pinions free,
A purer site I fain would see."

XXXII.

And straight, upon unwearying wings,
He sought the welkin height once more,
And towards the east he flew—
Tracking the Gungá's hallow'd way;
Nor stopp'd his flight, till he did view
On Káshi's fane the noon-tide ray
In gentle slumber hush'd,
While underneath the river lay,
Its billows now nor chafed nor flush'd,
But gliding with soft murmurings,
And breaking mildly on the shore:
Ah, this full sure the home must be
Pavana thought, of piety!

XXXIII.

A human form the god belies;
Like pious sage, in tatters clad,
And muttering magic *mantras*[5] dire,
He to Visheswar's[6] temple hies.
Go, mark the mystic emblem there,
With odoriferous flowers encrown'd;
Go, mark the adorers mad,
That in their wordy hymns ne'er tire,
While yet, within the hallow'd ground,
Full many a deed of shame they share:
'Neath pious 'portment meek and still
A contrite heart, a spirit pure,

[5] Sacred texts and incantations.
[6] Visheswara, one of the names of Siva.

Gaze Pavana, seek thy fill,
But here thou wilt not find them sure.

XXXIV.

What though each *sloka*[7] and each prayer
Be wreathed in Sanskrit verse refined,
Of truth breathes not the labouring mind
That pours the pious strain;
For, ah! low thoughts are rankling there,
All naked to Pavana's ken,
The homage of the crowd their aim,
Who loudest shout Iswara's[8] name.

XXXV.

Then Márut left the temple's shade,
Approaching to the river's shore,
His eyes hung down in deep despair:
"I may as well this search give o'er,"
Thus inward to himself he said,
"And back to Bruhmá's court repair;
Since faith in Káshi dwelleth not,
The gods on earth are sure forgot."

XXXVI.

But list! ah! stay, one moment stay!
List to that noonday orison,
Yon Bráhman child is singing!
Heavenward, aloft, afar, away,
That prayer is speeding on,
Through flowery meadows ringing,

[7] Sentence.
[8] Iswara literally means "God." It is one of the names of Siva.

By envious winds in vain deterr'd:
Ah! sweet, melodious child,
Whence hast thou learnt that anthem wild,
So piously preferr'd?

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

"Father of all! mysterious one!
Lord supreme! invisible and alone!
Thou, whom the rapt, dilating soul,
In wildest dreams can never all behold!
Thou, in whose praise all language were too faint,
Whose glories burning words can never paint,
The rill, the river, and the boundless sea
Of all that is, or was, or e'er shall be,
How with our hearts shall we Thy presence dare?
Expressive silence be my prayer!"

XXXVII.

"Well hast thou sung thy pious lay;
But come, ah! tell me, dark-hair'd boy,
Who may this godhead be,
To whom in such impassion'd strain,
Thou singest thy sweet melody?"
Thus, to the Brâhman's child did Márut say,
And he thus answer'd straight amain
With eager joy:

XXXVIII.

"What God I worship thou wouldst know?
And what His blesséd name may be?

Then list, from childhood's lips the truth shall flow,
And what He spake I'll speak to thee.
Who did chaotic gloom remove,
Who bade the waters to divide,
Who framed the solid earth,
And clothed its bosom with His love,
And gave the grass and verdure birth
The flowing rill beside,
And hung the trees with fruits and flowers,
And man His crowning work who made,
To grace fair Eden's breathing bowers,
High woods, and haunted shade,
That is my God! Jehovah His name!
'Tis writ in heaven in characters of flame.

XXXIX.

"His might, His goodness, wouldst thou know?
Ah, list to truths unknown before,
Unknown e'en yet in yonder shrine.
My God ne'er sleeps; the sinner's stay,
By sinner's side He lives alway;
Though plunged thou be in deadliest sin
He still will hear and holpen thee;
Nor sendeth He to deserts wild
For penance and prayer His hapless child,
Nor bids him live on roots and tree;
For pain He made not man to be,
But rather made him for delight:
Who yields him in the goodly fight,

In errors lost who goes astray,
He beckons back, He calls him nigh,
He teaches him to mourn and pray,
With the mourning of heart not of eye;
He bade the sinner, despised by men,
Despairing of mercy divine,—
'Pardon'd thou art—go, sinner, go,
But sin thou never more!'
That is my God—Jehovah His name,
Jehovah and Jesus are one and the same."

XL.

"And who may Jehovah or Jesus be?
Where was He born, and where His home?
Reveal this, my boy, unto me:
On high Sumeru sooth no dome
For Jesus stands, I know full well;
Where lives thy God, come, sweet one, tell?"

XLI.

"Where lives He not?" the boy replied:
"Mark Him upon yon tossing foam,
See, where He rides the noontide ray,
Mark Him upon the lotus fair
Floating adown the river's bed,
Observe Him in the lucid air,
Nay, seek Him in thy heart, for there
He loveth most to make His home;
My God is everywhere!
And never, never far away.

XLII.

" Thou ask'st when He was born, and where?
Ah, that I cannot tell!
Eternity when wert thou born?
Before time was, ere light so fair
Did nature's empire thus adorn,
With raven darkness He did dwell.
Yet He was born; aye, Jesus Thou,
Thy human form a human womb
Did once entomb,
And Thou wert born a child!
'Twas many, many years ago,
The time was winter wild,
Jehovah's son a babe when lay;
While stars look'd down in mute amaze,
Or wand'ring show'd towards Him the way
To sages, who from distant lands
Came forth, in friendly bands,
Upon their Saviour's face to gaze.

XLIII.

" Yes, He was born a human child;
And suck'd He from a mother's breast,
Of virgin mother undefiled!
O love divine!
That, for the sinner's rest,
Could even to the earth descend,
Like lowly mortal stoop to be,
And with the world thy tissue twine,
Thou hast nor birth nor end!

XLIV.

"Yes, He was born, and here He died
On far Golgotha's curséd tree,
Redemption on mankind conferring;
The lily changed its snow-white hue,—
Sinner, He died for thee and me,
Then back again to heaven He hied:
Ah! feel'st thou not an inward stirring
To pay to Him the homage due?"

XLV.

Thus spoke the heaven-taught child,
Then pass'd he on his way;
While Márut, waking from amazement wild,
Swift as the birds that cleave the air,
Or, like the shooting star so bright,
So ardent in its earthward flight,
Towards Kámroop's woodlands did repair,
Even upon the beams of day.

XLVI.

He pass'd where Goomti in her pride
Jánobhi's classic bosom sought,
And where the Gográ, ever-chiding,
In anger chafed her sandy shore;
Nor tarried he where Hiranyabáhoo[9] brought
Her tributes pure full proudly gliding,
Nor stopp'd by Gunduck's rolling tide,

[9] The Soane, the Eranoboas of the Greeks. The term Hiranyabáhoo literally means the "golden arm."

Nor yet to hear the Cosá's roar
As on the sedgy bank it rings:
Onward he pass'd; but nothing brings
A ray of comfort to his breast,
By man's ingratitude deprest.

XLVII.

Pass'd Gour's sweet-scented groves and glades,
Ere yet the parting sun withdrew,
Pavana mark'd the sylvan shades
Of Kámroop bursting on the view:
A fragrant musk perfumed the dales,
The orange flowers breathed in the gales;
Ah! hallow'd spot,
Where Siva, ere the fleecy down
Of manhood on his cheek was grown,
From sullen strictness fleeing,
The blushing Umá brought [1]—
Umá, the wonder of all eyes,
The lovely child of Menâ [2] wise—
And deep within its mystic grove,
On couch of yielding asphodels,
Hid e'en from sight all-seeing,
Enjoy'd the rites of nuptial love.

[1] Siva with his wife retired to Kámroop immediately after their marriage. He is here represented as having been married in his youth. The *Puráns*, on the contrary, say that he led an ascetic's life for a long time before his espousal. The gods, however, may be represented as ever young.

[2] Menaká was the mother of Párvati.

XLVIII.

From Kámrcop's groves no prayer now rose,
Where spent with toil Pavana lit;
Before his sight no altar glows,
His ears no songs of triumph greet
Exalting Siva's dreaded name:
The gentle gales yet fann'd the flowers,
Stealing their odorous spoils away;
And maiden love, in vernal bowers,
Whisper'd and pleaded for delay
As sweetly as of yore;
In spicy groves disporting yet,
The joyous birds still coo'd and sung,
And with their notes the valleys rung
From dewy morn to evening late;
But pious prayers were heard no more!
"Their ancient honours hence are flown,
The gods uncared for and unknown
Here live not in their fame;
Then whither shall I now repair?"
Thus murmur'd Márut in despair.

XLIX.

The day-light now from earth was gone,
And darkness spread her wings around,
And sober night came on:
The night was soft, the sky was calm,
And softly fell the dewy balm,
Yet cares possess'd Pavana's mind;
In heaven's clear vault the bright stars shone,

Birds to their nests had hied away,
Light-hearted birds how happy they!
And men lay wrapp'd in sleep profound;
But sleep could not his eyelids close:
Sleep, supreme o'er gods and men,
On troubled minds thy power is vain,
Though music murmurs in the wind!
Pavana slept not, for his soul
With aching thoughts was troubled now;
What next to do, and how,
Back to Bruhmá's court to hie,
Or yet again abroad to fly,
Wand'ring from pole to pole,
He knew not; when the thought arose
Pooree's dark temple once to view,
And then bid earth a last adieu.

L.

Straight starting from the charméd ground,
Onward upon his wings he swept.
O'er broad Bengalá's verdant plains,
To where the foaming billows broke
On far Orissá's classic strand,
Laving its sacred fanes,
In one perpetual, never-ending war;
And e'er Aruna mild awoke
To ope, with gentle hands and pure,
The curtains of the sleeping morn,
The black pagodá from afar
In ruins Márut saw and wept,
And heard the dog with surly sound,

Sole tenant of the hallow'd place,
Howl to the waves that chafed its base,
Invading but to wash the sand.
Nay, weep not, god, on yonder shore
There is a sight to pleasure thee,
Behold, beside yon bank wave-worn,
Pooree's proud temple lords the sea!

LI.

What languor o'er his spirit spreads
E'en while he hears the song of praise
That joyful numbers raise!
What numbness cold his limbs invades!
Why, swelling tears, ah! wherefore flow?
"The blushing morn it blushes more
To hear that mad and frantic roar,
Of myriads the accordant cry;
Ah, sounds of woe!
Ah, sights of foul obscenity!
For you have I thus toilsome sped;"
To self Pavana mourning said.

LII.

He saw where women in their prime,
Bound from afar with holy vows,
With rage of lust were burning;
In deeper guilt and deadlier crime,
The laws divine all scorning,
He saw the temple priests carouse,
Defiling all that region pure:
Amazed, disgusted, Pavan flew

From sights his eyes could not endure,
Till towards another house he drew.

LIII.

A fairy dome whose adamantine spire
Seem'd almost piercing to the sky,
And wide unbarr'd its frontal gate;
Within Pavana enters straight
That lofty vestibule dim,
In vapours hid of viewless dye:
Nor peals of laughter, nor huzza
Ring through its walls and arches fair,
Though many guests be there.
Why are they met? To worship Him
Of whom so loudly trumpets fame;
Jehovah, Jesus, this His shrine;
But where's His form divine?
Or where His throne?
They pray'd, they sung;
Such prayer devout, such pious lay,
Kindling with heavenly fire,
On Pavan's ears had never rung;
And yet they worshipp'd but a name,
A God unseen, a God unknown!

LIV.

"Enough, enough, my weary task
Is finish'd now, I know.
Speed, pinions bold, O waft me back
Through the vast aerial track,
Unto Sumeru's golden bowers,

Where gales enamour'd blow
Wooing celestial flowers;
For I would in the sunshine bask
Of wreathy smiles, and looks of love,
Of *apsarás* in realms above,
Whose cheeks in vernal beauty bloom,
Whose lips exhale a sweet perfume,
Whose locks, in braids all laughter-beaming,
O'er heaving bosoms gently streaming,
Awake full many a fond desire,
And light within a madd'ning fire."
Pavana spoke—then eager flew
Where deepen'd dark the azure blue.

Canto. Third.

I.

Fix'd on broad heaven his longing eye
Far from the earth Pavana fled,
Propp'd on his wings of rainbow hue;
And, ere bright noon had halved the day,
Through the soft air's transparent blue
He could from far descry
Sumeru's sacred head:
So fast he labour'd on his way.

II.

O! for a genuine poet's fire,
That I might on this paper trace

Of that sweet scene the witchery;
Or, but describe, in numbers rare,
Pavana's ecstasy!
Did Váni pure my dreams inspire[3]
I would not sooth the task disgrace:
But, ah! like summer lightning fast
Melts from my trance the vision vast,
Instead of Meru's haunted brow
I gaze on empty air,
Nor back Pavana lingers now.

III.

"Fling wide Sumeru's golden gate,"
Said Bruhmá loud, "for lo! behold,
Through parting clouds he presses on,
Pavana of unconquer'd wings;
And bid the synod gather straight,
Each god resume his throne,
That all might hear by him unroll'd
The heavy news he brings."

IV.

Within the odour-breathing hall
Full swift are met the *d*[illegible] all,
And wide unbarr'd its gate of gold;
Each god, upon his seat reclining,
In beauty or in armour shining,
His dreams of love he told
To willing ears of beauties gay,
Ah, who so charming as were they!

[3] Váni, or Seraswati, is the Hindu goddess of poetry, in fact of all the learned accomplishments.

V.

But in glides Pavan midst them all,
Like vision from the phantom land,
And hush'd within that star-paved hall
Was every murmur gay;
With breath withheld, and still as death,
Anxious sat the heavenly band,
To hear bold Márut say
The tidings of his search for faith.

VI.

But weary Márut speaks not yet;
Can heavenly power so weary be?
Stern Siva frown'd; impatiently
Grave Hari[1] roll'd his eyes of fire;
But, all collected and serene,
Unshaken still great Bruhmá sate,
Placid and calm his mien,
As best befits the ethereal sire.

VII.

And now, with eyes fix'd on his lord,
Pavana loudly spake,
And all the gods in silence heard.
"From India's fragrant shores I come,
Where altars erst blazed all for ye,
Deos and angels bright!
But there your glory's known no more:
Great Bruhmá, thou hast there no shrine—

[1] Vishnu.

I've sought both far and near—
With holy rites none worships thee,
Though first in order and in might
On bleak Sumeru's snowy brow;
Nor Siva thou,
Though temples hoar
Lofty and vast thine image bear,
Art worshipp'd yet with love divine;
Nor Hari proud, thy song they wake,—
Wilt thou believe the tale?—
Save men deceitful, women frail:
Káli, full many a lordly dome
To thee is consecrate;
And Umá fair, Ser'swati wise,
And Lakshmi pure and true,
On earth they worship you;
But ah! do not that worship prize.

VIII.

"Shall I to you the scenes reveal
That I have seen below?
Then list, my words are plain and clear,
Nor would I aught from you conceal.
Men saw I oft like saints at prayer,
But sots at heart them well I knew,
'Neath saintly show their falsehood screening,
Yielding their virtue at a blow
So they could hide their guilt from view:
Of innocence and honour void,
E'en in the temples many sought
On harlot-lap their strength to yield;

And maidens to the shrines decoy'd,
Returning to the sunlit field,
Ne'er back again their virtue brought:
Others I saw whose hearts were sown
With love of earth, and that alone,
All other loves out-weaning;
In service of the temples there
Youth and age bore many a pain,
One object had they, it was gain;
For this they toiled, their labours bore,
Their hearts'-blood shed for unblest gold,
But ah! not one, from motives pure,
His pious prayer there told;
Their bodies some with fasts subdued,
The souls within were soil'd and dark,
To gain the homage of the crowd
Their highest aim and mark:
A few there be—I saw but one—
Wasting their homage far away,
Unheard, unheeded, and alone,
In sullen cave, on mountain gray.

IX.

"And temples raised by mighty men
I saw them overthrown,
The weeds and burrs their arches shading;
And echoless the vaults that rung
With pious praise and prayer,
Or answering to the wild dog's wail;
For aye, on many a hallow'd fane,
The cur hath made his lowly lair,

The thrones of gods invading,
Since man in reverence did fail;
And there he dwelleth lone,
Your names untold—your fame unsung.

X.

"Now, in the features of their faith,
The visions of that elder time
When ye were honour'd, live no more:
The only worship yet sublime
That might the past recall from death
I met on hostile ground,
In Church to Jesus sanctified:
Ah gods! your doubting looks give o'er,
I only speak the truth;
Of virgin-mother born, they sing,
Was He who in His blameless youth
Was pierced with thorns and crucified;
As symbol of Almighty love
This Son of Man is deified;
And songs that to His praise resound
Comprise the only offering
That ye might envy here above.

XI.

"His praise throughout the land I've heard
Sigh'd forth by young and old,
From ruddy lips, from wither'd heart;
Jehovah's Son, His name they told;
I ne'er could know Jehovah who,
Though well I learnt they meant not you.

While yet upon the rush He lay,
This mighty babe, by sages hail'd,
Was Saviour named, and Lord;
And He upon the cross was nail'd
For human sins; so they assert,
And so they worship Him;
His name the burden of each song:
I've traced your downfall to its source,
My mission had no other aim;
Now ye your counsels weigh;
I would revenge had I your force,
For hate within me burneth strong."

XII.

He ended frowning: displeased were all
Who heard the tale, but silent yet,
When up arose Gireesha proud—
Storm on his tongue, and in his heart
The unborn earthquake struggling to be free—
In wrath he spoke aloud:
"Why silent all? gods, ye have heard
Márut the bitter truth reveal;
Will ye succumb to nameless powers?
For war are ye afraid to start?
Not so were ye, when to these bowers
The *daityas*[5] dark in pride aspired,
And, with ambition fired,
Your fearful hands in arms did dare.
Or wait ye for great Bruhmá's word?
Bruhmá, unclose thy will;

[5] *Asoors.*

For ah! the danger is not small,
And we may marshal forth too late
If forth we venture not in speed:
At least, bid me to earth repair;
Then shall the impious nations own
Greater than Jesus and Jehovah too,
Rule in the empyrean empires blue,
For thick with dead their streams shall groan,
And red with blood shall be each shore;
My sprites delight in human gore."

XIII.

Thus vaunting spoke Kailása's lord:
His bold compeer, dread Vishnu, straight
Starting from his throne of gold,
And looking as when once of old,
In the *asoora's* form belied,
He Brinda found, and forced her love,*
With fearless look and haughty word,
Yet all collected, thus replied:
"Nay, brother, nay, not thou alone
Of all the sacred powers above,
Shall on this errand go;
For in my heart immortal hate
As fierce as thine doth glow,
And courage sure than me hath none,
None e'er hath dangers master'd more,

* As Jupiter deceived Alcmena by assuming the shape of her husband, even so Vishnu deceived Brinda, the wife of Jalandhar, a giant, by assuming his form, when it was foretold that Jalandhar could not be conquered so long as his wife remained chaste.

When, haughty of their little might,
They dared omnipotence to the fight,
Asooras, in the days of yore;
Of all I did 'twere long to tell,
How many fled, how many fell,—
Gods, ye remember well."

XIV.

"Go, ask the vanquish'd *asoor* dread,
Go, ask the minctaur[7] slain,
If dead he can to ye reply,
When all the gods had striven in vain,
And Indra fled to Bruhmá nigh,
Who lopp'd his gorgon head:
Is Umá fallen low,
Unprized above the ignoble crowd,
Or has the sharp sword in her hand
To pruning knife converted been,
Her lance become a willow wand,
That nor her counsels, nor her arms
Are needed now midst war alarms?"
With ruffled brow
Thus spoke Párvati proud.

XV.

Kumára,[8] chief of fighting powers,
The great Destroyer's warrior-child,
Begotten in no mother's womb,
Leant on his bow, and list'ning smiled

Mahishásoor, a demon, in form half buffalo, half *asoor*.
Kártika. He was born of Siva alone, as Ganesa was of Párvati.

At fair Párvati's plaintive moan,
And when she sat he rose and spake,
In all the pride of youthhood's bloom:
"Bruhmá, in battle and in fight
Thou know'st than me none more hath wrought,
For, when of yore, from heaven's high bowers
To hurl the gods Tárikâ [9] sought,
'Twas I that brought him down
From his triumphant car,
And he repaid with forfeit life
Who did with dread Sumeru shake:
My cause befriend, stand by the right,
I claim the lead in war;
In others others lead, I lead in strife."

XVI.

A wrathful glance dread Siva cast
At his ungracious boy,
And Vishnu look'd with rage around,
And Párvati with sneering slight,
When breaking silence Bruhmá spake:
"Your spirit, gods, I well approve,
Eternal powers! in dreadful deeds
Ye all did win renown,
When heaven's high thrones by *asoors* dire
With mad ambition were assail'd:
Those days are past,
Your might prevail'd,

[9] A demon.

Their impious rage and vengeful ire
Swift retribution found,
And their huge corses fright no more.
But now, forsooth, some higher power,
That day and night on envy feeds,
Doth guilefully advantage take
Of our supine excess of joy.
United thoughts and counsels now,
And strength confederate should oppose
His wile. Joint power alone
May now prevail, not exploits brave
Of single arms, though deluging with gore:
Gods, I will lead the fight,
If you approve what I propose."

XVII.

With wild uproar Sumeru rung,
The gods approved with fierce acclaim,
And plaudits rent the sky;
And then the bell, with iron tongue,
The council o'er did loud proclaim,
And each unto his bower straight went
With hopes and wishes beating high,
To arm him for the dread event.

XVIII.

And now Ser'aswati, thy poet's mind
With genius waken and inspire,
That he, in thrilling strains of fire,
Responsive might proclaim
How moved with hate each heavenly breast,

As heavenly hands prepared for war,
And *chakra* or *trisula* dread,[1]
Or barb with poison'd head,
In grasps divine comprest.
Who first, who last, in that mad crowd,
Assembled round their potent lord,
With missiles arm'd and anger-brow'd,
Burning to be avenged on men,
Reveal! And give me power, in stern accord,
To sing their wrath and proud disdain.

XIX.

First Siva, bravest of the train,
Proudly his mountain-bull bestrode,
Proud of his snaky diadem:
His eyeballs bursting with fierce ire,
He waved the trident's forkéd brand,
Fit emblem for his bloody hand!
With him there demons dark and dread,
Of horrid front, in numbers rode,
Nandi, with human gore all red,
And Vrangi of the ravenous mien,[2]
The rest too many here to name,
All breathing hatred dire.

XX.

And Hari, nearest to his bold compeer,
Arm'd with the discus and the rod,

[1] Discus and trident.
[2] Imps of Siva.

And mounted on his nine-mouth'd steed,[3]
Shouted tremendous to his vassal powers,
Who dwelt in Vycant's fragrant bowers—
A multitude vast and dread!
And on his brow sat sour disdain,
His arms were to the shoulders bare,
And, so terrific blazed the god,
The sky it shrunk in fear,
And, as he skilful plied the rein,
He heaven and earth defied.

XXI.

Kártika there, on peacock riding,
Bent his strong horn with poison'd barb,
The leader he of heavenly bands,—
Though prior rank, e'en on the plain,
Vishnu and Siva often claim'd:
Grim and terrible in warlike garb
The graceful god was seen bestriding,
His passions dark with dignity tamed;
How few there be to dare his hands
Red with the blood of *asoors* slain!

XXII.

And there was Umá, poising high
And whirling in her forceful arm
The spear that slew the minotaur;
Great Rudra's spouse, her awful power,
E'en like the witching charm

[3] Oochisravá, a horse of nine mouths, churned out of the ocean and assigned to Vishnu.

Of her dark eyes, could oft confound
The immortal gods. Impatiently
She burn'd and panted for the war,
And with her shouts heaven's concave bower
Tremendous did resound.

XXIII.

From hell the furies dyed in blood,
Yoginis fierce, *Dákinis* dire,
And *Sánkinis* of face obscene,[4]
By Yama led,[5] from brimstone sod,
Sprung to the realms of upper air,
Shaking their freckled locks of green
Above their hides of speckled hue,
And limbs all naked to the view
With [illegible] and vipers wound.
Above the[illegible]ed her brand
Gilt [illegible]ts' tears,
Th[illegible] dripping from her hand;
With large-wing'd vultures on the wake
Of eager beak and ruffled breast,
And greedy dogs and jackals fierce
Upon her conquests dire to make
Their hellish feast:
Now shouted she, now wildly danced,
As when of yore she madly trod
Her lord in opiate dreams entranced,
Stretch'd on the vulgar clod.[6]

[4] The *furies* of the Hindu mythology.

[5] The Indian Pluto.

[6] Káli is most frequently represented as treading on the body of her sleeping husband.

XXIV.

Nor was Indra wanting there,
Who brought *Cinnaras* to the war,
The minstrelsy of heaven!
Songsters sweet, ah! wherefore, say,
Would you attempt the bloody fray,
Untrain'd for struggles save of love?
And with him, from the bowers above,
The minor gods in troops they came,
With club, or brand, or hatchet arm'd,
As chance provided them;
Sásin,[7] virago of the night,
And Surjya, whose o'er wakeful sight
The Ráhu's[8] falsehood did betray,
Vasanta[9] blithe, Kandarpo gay,[1]
To whom fair virgins to[illegible] songs,
Kuvera[2] young, wi[illegible]rm'd,
Adored by [illegible]
Pavana, lord of tempests gr[illegible],
And Varun[3] of the foamy sea,
The white-hair'd parent Kasyapa,[4]

[7] The moon.

[8] Ráhu Ketu, a demon, who, assuming the form of a god, shared the *amrita* with the gods. The sun and moon discovered the deceit to Vishnu, who cut the giant in two. But the draught had been tasted, and the two parts became immortal. Ráhu still bears the old grudge to the sun and moon, and by devouring them causes eclipses; and Ketu, or the comet, is a dreadful object of alarm to all nations of the earth.

[9] Spring.

[1] Love

[2] God of riches.

[3] God of waters.

[4] Father of the minor gods.

With veteran arm still full of might,
And sage Vrihaspati, and Mangala red,[5]
Spirits of the starry beam,
And many more, brought in their aid;
And with their roaring boist'rous sound
Sumeru's rocks did loud rebound.

XXV.

A host like that for multitude vast,
Had ne'er together met:
Not what of yore the admiring eyes
Of Priam saw on Ilium's plain,
By great Atrides marshall'd there;
Nor e'en the dread array the Persian proud
Led to far Marathon's gory strand,
From Susa's ancient walls;
Nor what for lost Jerusalem shed
Their life-blood 'neath the Saracen's sword;
Nor yet the barbarous horde
That with the Hun to triumph sped,
Attila, name of dread!
Might with the goodly band compare,
The phalanx fierce of heaven,
That muster'd round Sumeru's lord.
He, towering far above the crowd,
As towers the palm on verdant ground,
On his triumphant chariot driven
From rank to rank majestic stirr'd,
Darting his eyes around:
His rosary aside was cast,

[5] The stars, Jupiter and Mars.

Aside the sacred *Veds* were flung,[6]
While, fitted to each iron hand,
He held the massive thunder fast,
And spear, and sword, and buckler strong.
Ah man! poor man! for thy sad fate
Sweet, wet-eyed Pity moans and sighs,
No hopes of rescue now remain;
The gods have sworn nor lordly stall,
Nor altar stone, nor palace hall,
A breathing worm shall dare retain.

XXVI.

Upon Sumeru's utmost verge
Great Bruhmá's car now stood,
By ramping steeds impatient drawn:
"Come, *deos*, follow me," he said,
And lo! that latest verge was past,
And on, and bravely roll'd the car,
As on its native element,
Floating upon the clouds so vast
Impurpled by the sun.
O! mark through space the dread descent
Of gods and angels brave,
As if they were of gossamer;
So boldly through the foamy surge
Of the rolling ocean flood,
The diver plies his daring trade,
Full oft, alas, to meet his grave!

[6] The arms of Bruhmá, according to the *Puráns*.

XXVII.

The sun now rayless, large, and red,
Athwart the globe was fast declining,
When on Orissá's sea-beat strand
The gods, their downward journey sped,
Alighted on the glist'ning sand.
The rushing waves with pleasure shining,
Rejoicing flow'd upon the shore,
Their lords to welcome and adore;
But, heedless of their pious mirth,
And heedless of the landscape rare,
As hungry wolves at night go forth
To assail the fold's unguarded gate,
They hasten'd where
Pavana show'd the temple fair
To Jesus consecrate.

XXVIII.

Alone, upon the heath it stood,
From other haunts of men apart,
In hallow'd solitude;
The yew aye murmur'd by its gate,
As if it pour'd from gushing heart
The sacred frankincense of prayer;
And soft the breeze intoxicate
Unfetter'd, pure, and wildly blew,
As if in homage to the spirit there,
Felt, though unopen to the view.

XXIX.

His vengeful barb Kumára drew,
And Siva gave his trident course,
And shaft and trident both together smote,
Propell'd with heavenly force,
The temple's column'd front sublime,
And here a cornice down was brought,
And there a shatter'd door.
Ah! hands too rash, in evil hour
Ye sped your weapons so;
Great nature shriek'd in woe,
And sighing clouds did downward lour,
And lo! as 'twere the thunder's roar,
A horn was heard to bray;
And dropping, as from tempest blast,
That by the temple sweeping past,
A form of gentle hue,
And manners mild, and thoughtful mood,
And brightness such as never they,
The gods, in beauty's prime,
Could ever boast, came forth and stood.

XXX.

Unseen that glorious form before,
Unknown from whence and how he came,
His shining body struck dismay!
Dread Siva quaked, as never shook
From earthquake's shock a rotten tower,
Kumára screen'd him hosts behind,
Both speechless now and pale;
From Bruhmá's hands his bolts of fire

Slipp'd to the ground, now grasp'd no more,
And spear and shield down fell;
And Vishnu from the battle's van
In trepidation rearwàrd ran,
And pale grew Umá's rosy cheek,
A moment erst so bright of bloom,
And fearful Káli fear'd to speak,
Though back'd by imps of gloom,
And mystic spells, and magic charms;
The rest of lesser name
In wild despair stood rooted there,
Unable e'en to fly away:
So frogs ensnared by serpent's eye,
Stand fixéd fast when they would fly,
Nestling in common fear;
Such terror did his looks inspire,
So mightier he, though not in arms:
And yet he did not look unkind,
Of sorrow more his gaze partook.

XXXI.

The seraph eyed with pitying gaze,
The enormous force assembled there,
Before him and around;
Then, pointing upward to the air,
"Behold!" he said, "in Libra's scales
Ye have been weigh'd and wanting found,
Your state and sway alike are o'er:"
The gods look'd up, aloft the scale
Confirm'd the truthful seraph's tale;
While thus to them he spake again:

" Spirits, this is the house of God,
Of Him who in the days of yore,
When chaos brooded over space,
Call'd nature forth, and ye,
And gave ye power to rule o'er men.
But ye, by Him so dignified,
Set over all His creatures here,
Ye have, alas! forgot the day,
Forgotten too your Maker's name,
And to His dignity and grace
E'en laid your impious claim.
Through light intense, that Him e'er veils,
He hath observed your devious ways,
And thoughts unclean, and doings fell;
For His are sound, unslumb'ring eyes:
But, slow to wrath, and suffering long,
Still patiently He did endure
With lust, and pride, and arrogance vain.
But now endurance lasts no more,
For now, in arms against Him risen,
Ye have His potent might defied,
And Him in His own house assail'd,
As if unguarded was the home
Belonging to Omnipotence,
And numbers were a name for strength.
Your effort, *deos*, see has fail'd,
And now afar hence ye must roam:
I bring the unaltering, dread decree,—
So long deserved it comes at length,—
Go, speed ye straight, to hell repair;
Leave ye the realms of sacred light;

Jehovah will no longer bear
Your lawless presence here;
For He sole King must ever reign!
Hence to the abodes of night!
Hence to the brimstone sod!
The land where darkness reigns unblest,
And weary spirits never rest:
Where sinners be sinners away
From hallow'd ground far driven;
Immortal life to ye belong,
Go taste immortal pains,
With sighs, and wails, and blasphemies,
Amid the funeral screams of hell."

XXXII.

My dream is o'er; Sumeru's gods—
Sumeru's self hath past away,
By lightning blasted and by thunder scath'd.
Within the deep Tartarean dell,
Perchance, yet tortured, unforgiven,
Unpitied, unreprieved, they rave and roar;
But in high heaven their ancient sway
They hold no more:
On bleak Vycant no archéd bower
A shed to Vishnu now affords,
Umbrageous and obscure;
Nor Lakshmi loiters there her prime,
In breathing[7] beauty bathed:

[7] The body of Lakshmi, according to the *Puráns*, breathes of the lotus, the fragrance being perceptible from a great distance.

Kailása grey, by thunder riven,
Brightens no more 'neath Umá's spell,
Its happy fields grown wild;
Nor Siva comes to reassert
His iron rule thereon again:
Indra, with his *Cinnaras* mild,
And *Apsarás* born of the main,
Hath *Swarga* gay renounced and left,
His halls all echoless and cold—
Inglorious in repose;
And never more ye may behold
The gods and sprites so deft
Wanton upon the craggy mound,
Or in the woody glades,
Or happy walks, and sylvan shades,
Move loftily and slow;
Or where resistless torrents sweep,
Or milder streamlets gently flow,
Or where the ocean surges bound,
Fit haunts for such as they!
Sing songs, or play, or sleep,
In morning hour, or at bright noon,
Or when the mists of evening close,
Or 'neath the autumn moon.
That day, when Bruhmá was uncrown'd,
With him to hell they did depart,
By fiery tempest whirl'd away;
Eternal justice doom'd them all
Who had their lot together wound,
And none may them again recall
To envied bliss, and boundless power,
And dignity sublime.

XXXIII.

My dream is o'er, and past their reign
From dark Himávan's shaggy brow;
And every art of man once more
Their ancient service to restore
Is fruitless now and vain.
Glory on earth! Jehovah's sway
Alone endureth now!
Alone it passeth not away!

XXXIV.

My lay hath ceased: ah! do not deem
The poet's dream an idle song,
And nothingness, and phantasy.
A light o'er India sheds its gleam,
Life's everlasting fount, the Deity!
Hath burst the land upon,
As, at creation's early dawn,
O'er moving billows burst the sun;
And 'neath the lustre melts away
The gloom of ages long:
Thus read the vision of my lay,
The burden of its melody.

INDIAN BALLADS.

ADDRESS TO THE GANGES.

I.

THE waves are dashing proudly down,
Along thy sounding shore;
Lashing, with all the storm of power,
The craggy base of mountain tower,
Of mosque, and pagod hoar,
That darkly o'er thy waters frown;
As if their moody spirits' sway
Could hush thy wild and boist'rous play!

II.

But reckless yet of gloomy eye,
As heedless too of smile,
Through various climes, with regal sweep,
Rolls on thy current dark and deep;
Nor ever stoops to wile
The blooming fruits and flow'rets shy,
That lightly bend to reach thy wave,
Their beauteous breasts therein to lave.

III.

Unconscious roll the surges down,
But not unconscious thou,
Dread spirit of the roaring flood!
For ages worshipp'd as a god,
And worshipp'd even now—
Worshipp'd, and not by serf or clown;
For sages of the mightiest fame
Have paid their homage to thy name.

IV.

Canst thou forget the glorious past?
When, mighty as a god,
With hands and heart unfetter'd yet,
And eyes with slavish tears unwet,
Each sable warrior trod
Thy sacred shore; before the blast
Of Moslem conquest hurried by;
Ere yet the Mogul spear was nigh.

V.

Thine was glory's brightest ray
When the land with glory teem'd;
The fairest wreath the poet won,
e praise of every daring done,
On thee reflected beam'd:
When glory's light had pass'd away
Thine were India's wrongs and pain,
Despite that brow of proud disdain.

VI.

O'er crumbled thrones thy waters glide,
Through scenes of blood and woe;
And crown and kingdom, might and sway,
The victor's and the poet's bay,
Ignobly sleep below.
Sole remnant of our ancient pride,
Thy waves survive the wreck of time,
And wanton free, as in their prime.

VII.

Behold, alas! all round how drear,
How mangled, and how torn!
Where are the damsels proud and gay,
Where warriors in their dread array,
In freedom's temple born?
Can heroes sleep? Can patriots fear?
Or is the spark for ever gone
That lights the soul from sire to son?

VIII.

'Tis gone, aye gone, for ever gone—
E'en like a midnight dream!
And with it, on the whirlwind blast,
Our fame and honour too have past,
And glory's latest beam;
But thou unheeding roll'st alone,
Still proud of thy untarnish'd name,
As if untouch'd by India's shame.

IX.

I gaze upon thy current strong
  Beneath the blaze of day;
What conjured visions throng my sight,
Of war and carnage, death and flight!
  Thy waters to the Bay
In purple eddies sweep along,
And Freedom shrieking leaves her shrine,
Alas! no longer now divine.

X.

'Twas here the savage Tártár stood,
  And toss'd his brand and spear;
The ripples of thy sacred stream
Reflected back his sabre's gleam,
  While quaked with dastard fear
The children of a haughtier blood,
No longer now a haughty race,
Their own, their sires', their land's disgrace.

XI.

The Suttee's slow but willing feet
  Ascended here the pyre;
Anxious for a happier lot,
Her fears, her tortures all forgot,
  She clasp'd the kindling fire—
Expecting soon her lord to greet
In ether's emerald realms above,
Beneath the beams of light and love.

XII.

On yonder bank the mother stood,
Her baby on her breast!
A madd'ning horror thrill'd her frame,
Adown her cheeks the tear-drops came;
Hush, baby, hush to rest!
Sleep, baby, sleep beneath the flood!
Her pleasing burthen sinking smiled;
In vain the mother call'd her child.

XIII.

But why recount our woes and shame?
Upon thy sacred shore
Be mine to dream of glories past,
To grieve those glories could not last,
And muse on days of yore!
For ever harp on former fame,
Remembering still those spirits brave
Who sleep beneath thy boist'rous wave.

XIV.

Roll, Gungá, roll in all thy pride,
Thy hallow'd groves among!
Glorious art thou in every mood,
Thou boast of India's widowhood,
Thou theme of every song!
Blent with the murmurs of thy tide
The records of far ages lie,
And live, for thou canst never die.

THE PARRICIDE'S DEATH.

Koombho, king of Mewár, was murdered by his son Oodá, commonly called *Hatiáro*, or the Murderer. Oodá was killed by lightning; an accident which was generally recognised as a visitation of God's anger, and an earnest of severer punishments.

I.

'Twas midnight: on the brawling stream
The shadow of each buttress slept,
And softly, 'neath the moon's pale beam,
The pensive cypress wept;
The warder watch'd upon the tower,
And oft look'd out to read the hour,
Impatient for the morn;
The watchfire's light was burning low;
The sentinel paced, with footsteps slow,
The ramparts all forlorn.

II.

But hark! that heavy, fearful groan—
That shriek of wild affright!
O! whence arose that dying moan
Upon the calm midnight?
The warder heard, and in his hand
Unsheath'd he held his faithful brand,
With night-dew cold and chill;
The undaunted guard his footsteps stay'd,
On dagger's hilt his hand he laid,
But all around was still.

III.

'Twas silent all; the sound had died,
No voice was heard again;
The warder thought the wind had sigh'd
That shriek of woe and pain;
And little reck'd the guard to know
If it was voice of friend or foe,
The castle-walls were strong,
Well-barréd was the massy gate
That darkly frown'd in solemn state,
And he was bold and young.

IV.

The midnight slowly pass'd away,
And beam'd the morning light;
The orient usher'd in the day
In purple vestments dight:
The warder slept upon the tower,
For past was now the watching hour;
And from the ramparts lone,
Down to the barrack's lowly room,
To seek for slumber in its gloom,
The sentinel was gone.

V.

Wake, slumberers, wake! for wild alarms
And lamentations load the air,
And women, in their full-blown charms,
Are rending their dark hair:

Great Koombho sleeps the sleep of death,
Say, who bereaved him of his breath?
His couch is red with gore;
And on his breast the wound is deep;
The hoary monarch lies asleep—
Alas, to wake no more!

VI.

The dagger in his red, right hand,
Behold the murderer there!
Encircled by a servile band,
He stands with dagger bare;
With stealthy pace at midnight hour,
Alone he cross'd the royal bower,
And stood his sire beside;
His poniard pierced the sleeper's heart:
But why that shuddering, ominous start,
Thou impious parricide?

VII.

Around they stood, but none to brave
The dark Hatiáro's frown;
There throng'd the coward and the slave,
And low they knelt them down:
With horror struck his subjects heard,
And, like a stream by tempest stirr'd,
Their stifled murmurs ran:
A gloomy fate the clouds reveal'd;
He trembled, and his senses reel'd,
His cheeks were pale and wan.

VIII.

Live, murderer, live! thine is the crown,
And thine be haggard care!
And on thy path may demons frown—
The imps of dark despair!
Live, to be hated and despised;
Reign, to be tortured and chastised
By furies of the mind;
And still with blood thy hands be wet;
A darker vengeance waits thee yet,
And only lags behind.

IX.

O! mark his heart's convulsive fears,
His anxious, restless eyes,
His bristling hair and burning tears,
His bursting sobs and sighs!
Mysterious terrors move around;
No peace he finds on hallow'd ground;
His throne how dearly bought!
No jewell'd crown thy head will hide,
Thou foul and odious parricide;
God's vengeance sleepeth not!

X.

Look up, behold! what bodes the sky?
Alas, thou canst not tell!
The murky clouds are hurrying by,
Above the moor and dell:

And dost thou hear a stifled scream?
Alas, Hatiáro! 'tis a dream,
Dreamt often o'er and o'er:
But, lo! 'tis past, Heaven's dread decree;
The death-shot parts, it speeds to thee:
Hatiáro dreams no more!

XI.

And fair again the blue sky shone,
The shaft of vengeance sped;
The tempests and the clouds were gone,
And gone the lightnings red:
With mute surprise men gaping stood,
And horror thrill'd the creeping blood,
No trickling tear-drops fell:
Unwept, unblest, he found his fate;
What darker terrors yet await,
No mortal tongue can tell.

JEEJEE'S BRIDAL.

Sháhjee, the son of Malojee, a Mahrattá robber, and Jeejee, the daughter of Jádoo Ráo, a Rájpoot chief, were the parents of the great Sivájee. The following story respecting their union has been borrowed mainly from Grant Duff's History of the Mahrattás.

I.

They met—but not as lovers meet
Beneath the peepul-tree;
Nor ambush'd in the rosy dell,
By purling streamlet free:

Where Jádoo held his lofty cheer
His friends and liegemen crowded near,
And Sháhjee, with his sire along,
Came there to list to Jeejee's song.

II.

Sweet flow'rets graced the proud saloon,
But, sweetest of them all,
The chieftain's merry, cherub child
Illumed her father's hall!
With happy heart, unbridled glee,
She laugh'd a playmate young to see;
And rush'd to greet Málojee's heir,
And clasp'd him on her bosom fair.

III.

Delighted Jádoo mark'd their mirth;
They play'd, they laugh'd, they sung;
Through vaulted roof and lofty aisle
Their pealing accents rung.
The father's raptured heart beat high,
He call'd his little prattler nigh,
Caress'd her with a parent's pride,
And smiling named her Sháhjee's bride.

IV.

She knew not what her father said;
But welcome still they came—
The words, that fondly link'd her thus
To Sháhjee's lovéd name;

Her smiling eyes entranced she raised,
She clapp'd her hands, her sire she praised,
Who turn'd and said, "These children fair
Would surely make a happy pair."

V.

Málojee heard, and straight up-sprung:
"Thy words are past and gone,
Thy daughter, Jádoo, hence I hold
Betrothed to my son."
The Rájpoot stared, then said with scorn—
"My child for thine is too high-born,
The words I said were spoken in jest,
Go, lull thy flatt'ring dreams to rest."

VI.

"Lightly I'll hold a chieftain's truth
If thou shouldst faithless prove;
The pledge has past, attest it friends,
Attest great Heaven above!"
Málojee spoke, then left the cheer;
His stripling follow'd him in fear,
For on his father's face he read
Impetuous anger, fierce and dread.

VII.

They marvell'd much—the youthful pair—
Why they should ever part;
And Jeejee wept when Shábjee went,
And felt a lonely heart:

Her mother chid, her father frown'd;
And other children play'd around;
But Jeejee lost her joyous tone,—
She play'd apart, she play'd alone!

VIII.

A lonely child—but lovely still,
Sweet Jeejee grew in years;
Her wishful eyes were lit with smiles,
But oftener still with tears:
She had no care, but was not gay;
In quiet pass'd her life away;
She trill'd her songs, she cull'd her flowers,
Was pensive still in happiest hours.

IX.

And Sháhjee 'neath a father's care,
Grew up to war and fame;
Exultant bore a warrior's arms,
And own'd a warrior's name:
His veteran father's steps he trod,
In dreadful raids and forays rode,
And cursed stern Jádoo's stubborn pride
That scorn'd with him to be allied.

X.

That spark of light, that partial beam
Which lit his morning hour,
A faithful flame it linger'd still
To nerve his soul with power;
And heaved beneath his iron vest
The passions of his youthful breast;

He dreamt for him a chaplet wove
Of glory, fame, and Jeejee's love.

XI.

Mălojee dreamt a kindred dream;
He saw an angel maid,—
From heaven she came, she came to him,
And thus to him she said:
"Thy son must marry Jeejee fair,
I have mark'd them for a happy pair,
A chief shall spring from their embrace,
The pride and glory of his race;
Haste now, to Jádoo speed amain,
Thy suit he dares not still disdain."

XII.

The vision fled; but at his feet
He found her favours strown;
Silver and gold, and jewels rare,
A treasure now his own:
And soften'd now was Jádoo's pride,
And Shâhjee clasp'd a Rájpoot bride,
While Jeejee, 'mid her blushes, smiled,
As sweetly as when yet a child.

JELÂLUDEEN KHILIJI.

Málleck Feroze, otherwise called Jeláludeen, was the son of Málleck, a soldier of fortune and chief of the Afghán tribe called Khiliji. He was raised to the throne by a powerful faction, on the murder of Keikobád, of which he was believed to be the principal instigator: but he affected extreme regret at having his high office forced on him; and, while on the

throne, was remarkable for his exceeding humility, clemency, and simplicity of manners.

I.

I AM a king, but why forget
That I am still a man?
And why should gilded baubles lure,
And thoughts unclean, and deeds impure
Engross life's little span?
Who in the pride and pomp of state
Hath ever found his spirit's rest?
In Glory's thraldom who was blest?

II.

Why impious must the vassal bend
To me his supple knee?
And wear for me a badge of scorn,
And curse the hour when he was born
A slave for life to be?
Rather should I his cause befriend,
Protect from shame meek Poverty's child,
And guard his honour undefiled.

III.

What is there in a pageant's blaze
To cheer a monarch's eye?
And why should flattery's voice subdue,
Or why should dazzling trinkets woo,
Or vests of purple dye,
That soul which God has deign'd to raise
Above the reach of vulgar pain,
And fortune's frown, and pride's disdain?

IV.

I scorn the applause of servile men,
The wicked passions shun;
Nor would I barter for renown,
A richer jewel than my crown,
The feelings which I own:
I seek the poor in every den;
The rustic's cheerful hearth is mine,
I laugh with him—with him repine.

V.

The friends with whom my footsteps ranged
O'er barren rock and hill,
To them with haughtiness to speak,
This faithful heart would surely break,
And be for ever still:
I find my feelings are unchanged,
Or I these royal robes would scorn,
And be again what I was born.

VI.

When I was low I ne'er repined,
Nor cursed my humble lot;
I never ask'd for wealth or pride,
Ne'er turn'd from poverty aside,
My duty ne'er forgot;
I sought for peace within my mind:
A man content I roved the green,
In folly's path was never seen.

VII.

The sick, the grieved, I tend them still
Beside their beds of straw;
A welcome guest where'er I come,
I always seek the poor man's home:
My word they say is law;
Then be fulfill'd a monarch's will,
Avaunt, fly Fear, let Discord cease,
And come and bless us meek-eyed Peace.

VIII.

I ask'd not to be raised to state,
I never sought a throne;
With greater pleasure I could dwell,
My friends and I within a cell,
Than thus reign all alone—
The greatest man among the great!
No, rather would I choose to be
The poorest of the company.

IX.

In chains they bring the guilty bound,
To take his hapless doom;
He comes with hope, he comes with dread,
In wrath to singe his votive head
Shall mortal man presume?
No, let him pass; but all around
The lenient judgment disapprove;
Still let him pass, for God is love!

X.

O Thou! who from the lowliest life
Hast raised me 'bove my peers,
When all the world lies hush'd in sleep,
Before Thy throne my soul doth creep,
In penitence and tears;
Since to this state, with peril rife,
Lord! Thou hast dragg'd me in Thy wrath,
In pity light my rugged path.

THE PROPHECY.

Sanga, Prithu, and Jeimál, the three sons of Ráná Raemul of Mewár, sought the priestess of Cháruni Devi, at Náhrá Mugro, or the Tiger's Mount, to learn which of them was destined to succeed their father on the throne. The priestess prophesied in favour of the eldest, who had taken his seat on a panther's hide, which she interpreted as being symbolical of a throne. Sanga afterwards became a great king, and was the most formidable enemy of Báber in India.

I.

THREE brothers stood before the shrine—
They all were young and bold;
To greet them from the Tiger's Mount
Came forth the priestess old,
The priestess to whose ken was given
The secrets of the earth and heaven.

II.

She gave them seats; the youngers sate
Upon her pallet low,
On panther-hide the elder sat,
And sat the priestess too.

"Now speak, my children, speak to me,
What to this shrine your errand be."

III.

Their purpose soon the brothers told;
They sought the sacred shrine
To learn for whom it was ordain'd,
By Devi's will divine,
To sit on Mewár's royal throne,
When Raemul's glorious reign was done.

IV.

The priestess shook her hoary head:
"Much, much misgives my soul;
I must not break your hallow'd love,
Nor future leaves unroll;
Now you are happy, happy be,
Nor seek to learn Heaven's mystery."

V.

Like obstinate children still they press'd;
They vex'd the priestess old;
She rose, she made a mystic sign,
Some mystic words she told;
And when she trimm'd the flickering light,
The winds sunk down, was hush'd the night!

VI.

With earnest voice the priestess spoke;
The brethren heard in fear;
She spoke aloud with dauntless brow—
"Hear, noble warriors, hear!

On panther-hide he sits alone,
The prince who wins his father's throne.

VII.

"Nay, start not, Sanga, Heaven ordains
In triumph thou shalt reign;
I see that Ráos and Rájáhs frown,
But they shall frown in vain:
I see them stoop and hail their king,
And on their knees their tributes bring.

VIII.

"And thine, great Prithu, thine shall be
A soldier's proudest fame,
A poet's honour shall be thine,
But not a royal name;
To thee the *deos* give no throne,
And Sanga he shall reign alone.

IX.

"The star[1] of Bednore shines for thee,
And thine shall be the bliss
To love, and be beloved again,—
What seek'st thou more than this?
But passion leads thee onward yet,
A traitor seals great Prithu's fate.[2]

X.

"And Jeimál, thee with pride elate
And fired with lust I see;

[1] Tárrá Báe.

[2] He was killed by a brother-in-law, whom he had punished for ill-treating his sister, and who subsequently, feigning great friendship for him, found an opportunity to be avenged.

False to thy vows, thou must not hope
A royal king to be:
I see thee swerve from honour's path,
Beware an injured father's wrath.[3]

XI.

"A glorious life, O Sanga, 's thine,
And thine a glorious throne;
And prosperous thou shalt reign, my child,
And thou shalt reign alone:
I see thy foemen fly the field,
With broken spear and shatter'd shield.

XII.

"The Páthán's in their pride have cross'd
The Peelákhál's yellow stream,
Their armour, 'neath the evening sun,
With orient lustre gleam;
But Sanga holds his royal throne,
The Lodi's[4] fled—his hosts are gone.

XIII.

"And Báber comes with laurell'd brow,
A fugitive though he be;
His squadrons shake the tented field,
But, prince, they shake not thee!

[3] Tárrá Báe of Bednore having proffered her hand to him who should restore her father to his lost dominions, Jeimál accepted the terms, but attempting to ravish her before fulfilling his engagements, he was killed by her indignant father. She was subsequently married by Prithu, who accomplished her father's restoration.

[4] Ibráhim Lodi.

Thou stout of heart, thou stout of hand,
Can Káffir warrior 'gainst thee stand?

XIV.

"Nay, smile not Sanga, not unmix'd
The boon of Heaven can flow;
Fergháná's chief has dealt the wound,
Has smote the heavy blow;
But quails not yet thine iron heart,
And Mewár's sov'reign still thou art.

XV.

"Exults the victor in his pride?
He marks the bloody plain;
He counts his chieftains stiff and cold
Who ne'er shall fight again;
And Báber's heart is sinking low,
The victor dreads his vanquish'd foe.

XVI.

"But look, the magic fire burns low—
I see a vacant throne!
He fell not on the battle-field,
Then where is Sanga gone?[5]
I have no might to tell thee more,
The fire is quench'd, the spell is o'er."

[5] Sanga died under suspicious circumstances. Some say he was poisoned by his prime-minister and chief nobles, who, weary of the privations of the field, were anxious for peace even under a foreign yoke.

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GOGÁ CHOHÁN.

Gogá Chohán, with his forty-five sons, fell fighting against Máhmood of Ghizni, on the banks of the Sutledge.

I.

A BOLD, determined, youthful band
The veteran father led;
And firm they stood beside the flood,
To share one gory bed:
And the hurricane's shock, it cleaved the rock,
And wild the storms did blow;
But, reckless of the tempest's wrath,
They waited for the foe.

II.

The torrent ran with fierce delight,
With wild, tumultuous roar:
But wilder far the Moslems pour'd
Upon that dreary shore;
And gush'd dark blood into the flood,
While stretch'd the valiant lay,
Or, closer still, with mortal hate,
They mingled in the fray.

III.

The torrent rush'd with blood and foam
Commingling in its flow;
While fiercer still the cry arose,
And heavier fell the blow;
And to the grave sunk spirits brave,
The fearless and the bold:
His hardy sons around him fell,
Still fought the veteran old.

IV.

O God! it was a fearful sight—
In manhood's prime they lay,
And there the hoary father stood,
Like panther fierce at bay;
His blood-red eye he raised on high,
Then broke his bursting heart,
But forward still, and to the last
He play'd a patriot's part.

V.

In vain, alas! he fought and bled,
In vain he braved the charge,
In vain with sabre fierce he smote,
And heaved his broken targe;
He sinks to die, his grey locks lie
Exposed upon the shore;
The exulting victor onward moves,
The battle dread is o'er.

VI.

A bloody harvest thou hast reap'd
And thou hast won a throne,
Go, victor, snatch the diadem rich,
And wear it all alone!
A deathless name, eternal fame
He shares alike with thee,
Or shares by far the nobler part,
Who died but to be free.

VII.

At midnight, 'neath the lightning's flash,
And 'neath the tempest's roar,
The exulting surge doth still recount
The mighty deeds of yore;
How with red light, thro' gloom of night,
The sword of Goga gleam'd,
And how his sons, in glorious death,
Their country's fame redeem'd.

VIII.

But none there are to heed the tale,
Though loud the shores resound,
And though from rock and glen those notes
With treble force rebound:
Those days are o'er, and now no more
The fire of valour burns;
The spirit of the past is gone,
Nor ever yet returns.

PRITHU RÁI.[6]

When Jysing, king of Kanouj, assumed supremacy over all the other princes of India, he gave a great feast at his court, and, ordaining that the same should close with the marriage of his daughter Sunjogtá, he invited all competitors for her hand to be present at the cheer. The fame of Sunjogtá's

[6] When this poem was written the author was not aware that Dr. Horace Hayman Wilson had published a much nobler effusion on the subject before him.

beauty and accomplishments drew there the chivalry of Hindustán; but Prithu Rái, king of Delhi, the Roland of his age, did not answer to the summons, lest his presence should be construed as an acknowledgment of Jysing's superiority. Determined, however, to wed the daughter of Jysing, he surprised him in the midst of his festivities, and carried off the bride.

I.

THE feast was spread in Kanouj hall,
The chivalry of the east was there;
The proudest princes, drest in pall,
Partook of Jysing's cheer:
And blushing sate the high-born maids,
Or led the dance with young knights gay,
Or heard the story of their raids,
Or trill'd the sweet and love-lorn lay,
While rung the rafters of the hall
With the music of the festival.

II.

In all the state of pomp and power,
Convivial sat the haughty king;
And by him bloom'd the fairest flower,
That ever graced an eastern bower,
Or parents' yearning bosom blest:
Around, in gorgeous habits drest,
His well-arm'd vassals stood;
While maidens of the royal blood
The bridal song essay'd to sing,
And tuned each wild, discordant string.

III.

The princess sate in bridal vest;
Her timid eyes were downcast hung,
While flutter'd in her youthful breast,
The passions which her maidens sung;
Upon her cheek the roses warr'd;
And now 'twas red, now deadly pale;
Her eye-lids kept a steady guard,
Nor moved to tell a lover's tale;
Around her press'd the rival throng,
She heeded not their sport or song.

IV.

Her heart, 'twas fluttering like a dove,
With maiden fear and maiden love;
She saw not where her eyes to rest;
They miss'd the bravest and the best,
Whose deeds in ballads she had sung,
While on his neck she fondly hung:
Why came not there her lovéd one?
Was he to battle's hurricane gone?
Or did his haughty, stubborn heart,
His rivals scorn and keep apart?

V.

He came not, for his haughty knee
Disdains to bend in homage mean;
It bends alone to God and thee—
To thee, his bosom's sov'reign queen:

But, far unlike yon servile herd,
To Jysing owns no vassalage he;
And inly frowns the Ráhtore lord
By beardless youth defied to be:
The bridal o'er, to mar his pride,
He vows to Delhi's gates to ride.

VI.

The palace-hall is festive still,
The minstrel's harp its witching thrill
Imparts to all the nobles round;
According to the varying sound
Move footsteps brave, and footsteps fair,
And press the elastic, buoyant air;
The Chohán's pride seems all forgot,
Alone the princess mourns her lot,
No smile is bright'ning in her eye,
She strives to hush the struggling sigh.

VII.

When lo! through th' castle's lofty hall
The clash of armour loud is heard,
And echoes from the ramparts tall
The tramp of steeds by foemen spurr'd.
Why start from mirth those haughty lords?
Why are their hands upon their swords?
Again, again! o'er crag and dell,
And louder sounds the bugle-horn,
And, as its proud notes proudly swell,
It seems to herald pride and scorn.

VIII.

"Now, who be these? seneschal ride
And learn their errand straight for me;"
Thus spoke the Rāhtore in his pride,
A proud and angry man was he;
"Divine what purpose draws them here,
From what far distant realms they roam;
If to our towers in peace they come,
To join, as friends, our open cheer,
Or reckless haste our wrath to dare,
And wake the Lion in his lair?"

IX.

A single chief comes in alone:
Alone! where are the others gone?
They stand beside the palace-gate,
The bugle's dread alarm they wait,
While lone he moveth through the band,
And by the princess takes his stand:
A noble suitor cry the maids;
The chieftains draw their shining blades;
His bearing hath the secret told,
It is the Chohán warrior bold!

X.

Bold as the lion's whelp he stood,
Or war-horse waken'd to the strife,
Surrounded by a servile brood
Surcharged with pride, with malice rife;

The bugle's wild alarm he blew,
And straight his barons throng'd the hall,
A daring force, in numbers few,
But well-prepared to win, or fall;
Around him muster'd too his foes,
With bitter hate in deadly close.

XI.

But see the lovely bride is won,
The feast is o'er,—the Chohán gone
With reckless falchion in his hand,
He strode through all that hostile band,
And none was there to cross his path,
Though foam'd the king with haughty wrath.
On coursers fleet they hied afar,
'Mid clang of arms, and shouts of war,
And midnight came, beneath the ray
Of stars they vanish'd far away.

NÁDIR SHÁH.

I.

He came, as from the thunder-cloud
Bursts the lurid spark of death;
He came; the furies in his train,
Destruction in his breath.

II.

Like wild tornado of the deep,
Or lava's burning wave,
Onward rush'd the impetuous tide
Of steel-clad heroes brave.

III

Their reeking blades were red and bare,
Ambition was their star;
Horror strode from strand to strand,
Wherever roll'd the war.

IV.

Rear the crimson banner high!
Unceasing ply the sword!
And blood in torrents cleaved the plains
At Nádir's awful word.

V.

The mountain-streamlet's lucid tide
Polluted was with gore,
And the green land where plenty smiled
Was wasted to a moor.

VI.

Above the victor's shout arose
The agonizing cry
Of widow'd mother for her child,
Her only pride and joy.

VII.

Her pride, her hope, her staff, her stay,
Her sole beloved one:
She pleads in vain, O look no more!
The brutal work is done!

VIII.

There palsied age stands lone in fear,
Or suppliant kneels to Heaven,
Here virgin innocence stoops to death,
Or asks to be forgiven.

IX.

The blood-hound riots heedless on,
His heart is proof to tears;
His haughty ruffians darkly frown,
And closer grasp their spears.

X.

They grasp their spears, they light the torch,
Behold, the flames aspire!
Up to the sky the smoke-clouds rise;
O cease your ruthless ire!

XI.

The vengeful sword, the pitiless torch,
Have wrought the deed of shame;
Imperial Ind lies sack'd and torn;
O cursed be Nádir's name!

XII.

The widows and the orphans plead—
They plead to Heaven with tears:
Look, victor! look, what clouds obscure
The sunset of thy years!

XIII.

Go, tell thy warlike deeds to fame,
And let them blazon'd be;
Let Persian satraps throng around,
To bend the servile knee:

XIV.

The hour of vengeance passeth not—
Behold the daggers gleam!
Look, victor! look! behind—before!
Alas, it is no dream!

XV.

And none to stay the assassins' hands!
Must Nádir's sun then set?
The widows' and the orphans' tears
Are slowly trickling yet.

GO WHERE GLORY CALLS THEE;

OR,

THE MAHRATTÁ MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER SON.

I.

Go where glory calls thee;
Pursue the path thy fathers trod;
Let tyrants quake, let ramparts shake,
Where'er thou tread'st the sod:
And quench not yet thy fiery brand,
And stay not yet thy bloody hand;

Let mothers weep, let empires burn,
Before thy footsteps homeward turn;
Through seas of blood, through flames of fire,
Press forward still with burning ire;
And never falter, ne'er be kind,
Nor cast one ling'ring look behind,
Nor turn one thought on me.

II.

The glorious wars thy fathers won,
The glorious deeds which they have done,
Remember thou with pride;
And let thy dearest effort be,
Like them to lead fair Victory,
To spread thy terrors far and wide,
That future men may learn the tale,
How rush'd the whirlwind down their vale;
Then sleep, if fain thou slumber must,
Let dust return to dust!
But crown'd with glory, not with shame—
Stain not a Mahratta's sacred name.

III.

Behold the watch-fire's glowing light,
Far o'er yon mountain gleaming bright,
Where now, e'en now, our warriors proud
To lead the foray crowd:
Be that, my son, thy beacon star:
And tarry not my soldier-boy,
War was thy father's dearest joy,
With sword and brand he plunged afar,

And dared the darkest, deadliest strife,
And gave to war his life:
Now that the hero's dead and gone,
O prove thyself thy father's son!

IV.

Nay, heed not that I clasp thee now:
My heart is gushing o'er with love;
I cannot mark that noble brow
Without a conscious flush of pride;
Yet, shouldst thou e'er a recreant prove,
I'll dash thee from my side:
Rather lie dead upon the bloody shore,
Pierced with wounds and stain'd with gore,
Than play the crouching coward's part,
And break a widow'd mother's heart.

V.

The blazing meteor shines afar—
Behold, Beuhram's bloody star!
On to the field, where warrior's arm
E'en now the fire-brand tosses high,
And loud is heard the dread alarm,
And swift the venom'd arrows fly;
Hark to the boisterous roar,
Resounded loud from land and shore!
Courage, boy! for thou must ride
To join the battle-shock,
And thou must dare to breast the tide,
E'en as the rooted rock!

VI.

And now they've passed the farthest hill,
And cross'd the torrent-wave;
I see them rushing onward still—
For nought can stop the brave;
I see their flashing sabres gleam,
I see their furious coursers prance,
And glist'ning 'neath the moon's pale beam,
I see their nodding feathers dance;
The fearful yell, the dying groan,
The raving cry, the stifled moan,
From the far battle-field they come,
To cheer a widow's dreary home:
Yes, I love them, for thy father, boy,
E'er felt in war his greatest joy.

VII.

Nay, dash those briny drops, my son,
He died a soldier's death;
Where oft he marshall'd forth the free
He fell, flush'd with victory,
And crown'd with laurel-wreath;
Then check the rising tear and groan;
In spite of broken hearts and eyelids wet,
The brightest star will set.

VIII.

Mark, where his steed impatient stands,
Impatient for his wonted play,
Impatient for the steel array,
The pat of warrior's cheering hands:

Courage, boy! our clansmen frown,
And now again they call,
From the far blazing city's wall,
While streams and mountain-peaks reply:
And wilt thou live a dastard lone?
O no! I see thy lighten'd eye,
Hath caught the wild, the ruddy glow,
That lit whilom thy father's brow.

IX.

Go where glory waits thee:
Now woe unto the Mogul's home,
Let mothers blanch where'er you come,
Let nought but blood thy course reveal;
And let that track so dreary be
That e'en the lioness to her den
May trace her lofty steps agen,
The startled cobra leave its path.
The bear suppress its awful wrath
And in the quivering woods conceal;
For all on earth must crouch beside
The fierce Mahrattá warrior's pride,
While Káffir princes quake to feel
The vigour of Mahrattá steel.

THE REQUIEM OF TIMOUR.

I.

Sleep, perturbéd spirit, sleep
Within earth's quiet breast!
Thy task of vengeance now is o'er;
Rest, ruthless conqueror, rest!

II.

As speeds the whirlwind o'er the wave
With a resistless might,
The torrent of thy wrath has roll'd
Upon the field of fight.

III.

The world aghast has quaked beneath
The terrors of thy frown;
Thy footsteps, they have trampled o'er
The royal neck and crown.

IV.

With dire dismay the nations mourn'd,
Who heard thy trumpet shrill;
The hardy Tártár felt within
A strange, unusual thrill.

V.

In Persia's lands the Sophis wept,
The Russians own'd a fear,
Siberian warriors shrunk appall'd
That dreadful note to hear.

VI.

Let Turkish widows, maids, and wives,
Unfold the havoc done,
When on Angorá's bloody field
The battle fierce was won.

VII.

When vengeance, lust, and carnage fed
Upon the hostile plain,
And bow'd imperial Ilderim,[1]
His haughty neck in chain.

VIII.

The prostrate Georgians own'd thy power,
Thy splendour crouching gazed;
Confusion, terror, ruin wild,
With equal fury blazed.

IX.

The burning sand, the fertile vale,
Have groan'd beneath thy tread;
Thy hardy legions follow'd still,
Where thou undaunted led.

X.

From Kábool's rocks, thy crimson flag
Stream'd proudly to the air;
Beneath were martial shields and spears,
And sabres red and bare.

XI.

When dauntless still for natal ground
The bloody Afgháns stood,
Their hills resounded to thy roar,
Their torrents ran with blood.

[1] Bajázet, surnamed *Ilderim*, or the Thunderer.

XII.

The Indus' stormy waters fail'd
To bar the victor's path;
And Delhi's burning towers confest
The awful Scythian's wrath.

XIII.

A thousand terrors rode along
By Gungá's quaking shore;
And hungry vultures scream'd above
Thy sacred shrine, Hurdwár.

XIV.

The fire-brand pass'd, his track they traced
By counting heaps of slain;
Upon that path the smiling flowers
Will never bloom again.

XV.

The sites where cities proudly rear'd
Their turrets to the sky,
Are only mark'd by piles of stone,
Since Timour pass'd them by.

XVI.

And now he sleeps: rest, conqueror, rest!
Thy vengeful task is o'er;
The trumpet's voice, though loud it speaks,
Will wake thee never more!

XVII.

The world thy triumphs mark'd with dread;
Sleep, ruthless tyrant, sleep!
That breathless terror now has pass'd,
The world has ceased to weep.

XVIII.

But yet thy name when told aloud,
Emits a stirring sound;
And earth's remotest confines still,
Thy awful praise resound.

XIX.

Rest, perturbéd spirit, rest!
Rest, thunder-bolt of heaven!
The avenger's rod, the victor's might,
To thee conjoint were given.

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

When Mahárájáh Jeswunt Sing, being defeated by Aurungzebe, fled for refuge to his own capital, his wife, with Spartan haughtiness, refused him admittance, saying, "This man is an impostor, for the brave never return with dishonour. My husband sleeps on the field of battle."

I.

Heard ye that lofty pealing sound
Upon the balmy air,
The exulting shout that best proclaims
The deeds which heroes dare?

II.

In triumph blow their trumpets proud,
The clouds repeat their voice;
Go, greet the laurell'd victors home,
And bid our realms rejoice.

III.

Let poets tune their golden harps,
Let maidens wear their smile,
And young and old their cares lay by,
And cease to mourn awhile.

IV.

What! hear'st thou not their joyous din?
Behold, above the vale,
Their haughty plumes and ensigns red
Are flutt'ring in the gale;

V.

And helmets cleft, and canvas torn,
Proclaim the fighting done;
And neighing steeds, and bloody spears,
Announce the battle won.

VI.

Alas! the vision mocks my sight;
I see no gallant throng,
No trophies meet my longing eyes;
Bid cease the joyous song.

VII.

That recreant slave is not my lord;
Ne'er thus the brave return;
Go, bid the city-gates be barr'd,
And leave me lone to mourn.

VIII.

I know him not, I never knew
A low, ignoble love;
My warrior sleeps upon the moor,
His soul hath soar'd above.

IX.

Upon the battle-field he lies,
His garments stain'd with gore;
With sword in hand prepared he sleeps
To fight the battle o'er.

X.

His shiver'd shield, his broken spear,
Around him scatter'd lie;
The iron-breasted Moslems shook
To see my hero die.

XI.

Where helmets rang, where sabres smote,
He found his gory bed:
Join, mourners, join, and loudly raise
The requiem of the dead.

XII.

Expel yon vile impostor hence;
I will not trust his tale;
Our warriors on the crimson field
Their chieftain's loss bewail.

XIII.

The mountain-torrent rushing down
Can ne'er its course retrace,
And souls that speed on glory's path
Must ever onward press:

XIV.

Aye, onward press—to bleed and die,
Triumphant still in death:
Impostor, hence! in other lands
Go draw thy coward breath.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF PRATÁPA.[8]

I.

He cannot and he will not yield,
Though every gorge and glen
Is crowded now by desperate foes,
And fled his craven men.

II.

He will not bow his haughty head,
His royal 'scutcheon stain;
His friends are few, his hopes are lost,
Yet he would fight again!

[8] Vide Tod's Rájasthán, chap. xi. Annals of Mewár.

III.

Misfortunes crowd upon his path
And clouds the sky deform,
But, stubborn still and unappall'd,
He yields not to the storm.

IV.

The traitor wretches taunt him now,
He deigns them no reply;
His big heart mourns his country's doom,
But scorns the hireling's eye.

V.

Though on the naked sward he lies
He covets not their shame;
With pride he counts his sufferings o'er,
His deeds of deathless fame!

VI.

The tiger's den, the leopard's home,
The panther's awful lair,
He sought them 'neath the angry sky,
A covert shade to share.

VII.

And on the rocks his queen reposed
While darkness fell the shower,
Unbending still the Kshetriya's soul
Defied great Akbar's power.

VIII.

The wolves they whined before his path,
Behind the shout arose—
A vaunting shout of warlike glee—
The shout of gathering foes!

IX.

But still he held his purpose high,
Nor paused his daring soul,
And fiercer burn'd the flame within,
And burn'd without control.

X.

And fiercer did the fighting rage
On blasted heath and moor,
And many a valiant deed was done
On Chumbul's lonely shore.

XI.

In every pass, in every glen,
In every widow'd vale,
With weeping eyes his children trace
His valour's bloody tale.

XII.

And moated walls, and mountain cairns,
And caverns dark and grim,
Which witness'd oft his struggles fierce,
Now loudly speak of him.

XIII.

But life can bear no more, his race—
His glorious race is run;
He sinks with every honour crown'd—
So sinks the setting sun!

XIV.

But O! the Moslem's feet accurst
Are on his native plain,
The crescent-standard flouts the sky,
And will it flout in vain?

XV.

That thought lies heavy on his heart;
When he for aye is gone,
Shall then the Káffirs proud assume
The Kshetriya's stainless throne?

XVI.

And trampled 'neath their iron sway
Must hoary elders bend,
No arm to guard the Rájpoots' pride,
Their honour to defend?

XVII.

His lofty heart is heaving now,
His eyes are fill'd with tears;
O could he but repeat once more
His toil of bygone years!

XVIII.

His son, brave Umru, stands beside
The dying warrior's bed,
An heir of all his father's worth,
In danger nursed and bred.

XIX.

He marks his father's heaving breast,
He marks his weeping eye:
"Speak, father, what thy bosom grieves?
And whence thy agony?"

XX.

The hero's eyes are closing now,
He draws his darling near,
And strains him to his aching heart,
And vents his boding fear.

XXI.

"Now swear, my boy, upon thy sword
Thy country to defend,
And swear that ne'er in homage mean,
Thy royal knees shall bend.

XXII.

"Eternal conflict thou must wage—
Such as thy sire begun—
To crush the haughty Moslem power,
Or be thyself undone.

XXIII.

"Then will my soul sleep sound in peace,
This troubled spirit rest:"—
He closer drew his weeping child,
And clasp'd him to his breast.

XXIV.

And in that warm embrace the boy
Eternal warfare swore;
The father smiling closed his eyes,
And then spake never more.

THE FLIGHT OF LAKHMAN SEN.*

I.

The breeze is fresh, the night is calm,
The stars are shining clear;
And swift the vessel scuds the stream,
Beneath the pale and partial beam:
No haven safe is near.

II.

"Row on!" exclaims the impatient king;
His slaves their sinews strain;
And proudly onward cleaves the bark,
The moon has waned, the night is dark,
"Row on!" he cries again.

* Vide Stewart's History of Bengal.

III.

A precious freight that vessel bears—
O for the speed of light!
With moody and affected brow,
He sits apart upon the prow,
And marks the gloaming night.

IV.

With flashing eyes the victor came,
By sage and seer foretold;
'Twas night, and in the royal halls
The lights were flickering on the walls,
When rush'd the warrior bold.

V.

Through gay saloons the hero trod,
While gleam'd the avenging blade;
And gasping warriors strew'd the ground,
The bleeding guards lay stretch'd around,
The dying o'er the dead!

VI.

Behold, to heaven the flames arise!
And hark those sounds of woe!
With heavy hearts, and boding fears,
See women mark, through burning tears,
The progress of the foe.

VII.

Alone, apart the monarch stood,
With grief and terror dumb:
Ah hapless, hopeless, friendless king!
What doom of shame to thee they bring,—
And nearer still they come.

VIII.

The bark was launch'd in haste upon
The water's billowy breast;
Reft of his throne and regal pride,
A fugitive o'er the fickle tide,
A monarch sought for rest.

IX.

O whither, whither wouldst thou fly
To screen that hated head?
Hide darkness, hide his shameful flight,
O hide it from the beams of light
Beneath a watery bed!

X.

But vain the wish, the bark bears on
E'en like a battle-steed,
And flings the curling billows by,
While still is heard the impatient cry
"O for the lightning's speed!"

SIVÁJEE.

His haughty reception at the court of Aurungzebe, confinement, flight, and eternal enmity.

I.

THEY led him to the stately hall,
Before the royal throne,
Where, towering in the pomp of power,
The tyrant sat alone;
And knights and nobles stood around,
Elate with haughty pride,
And slaves, in gorgeous tinsel dress'd,
Awaited by their side.

II.

He knelt before the tyrant's throne,
But caught no courtly smile;
The monarch look'd with eye of scorn—
Then darkly gazed awhile;
And minions proud, whose hearts had quail'd
When told his name of fear,
Now mock'd the valiant Sivájee
With cold respects and sneer.

III.

He could not bear their servile scorn
The scorn of vassals low,
The passions of his stubborn heart
Were gathering on his brow;
His bosom, plough'd with manly scars,
The records of his fame,
Now heaved with all a warrior's wrath:
He was not born to shame.

IV.

A fearful light shone in his eyes;
Its meaning who could tell?
And shook his frame, and from his lips
Some harsh expressions fell:
He stepp'd aside, his passions dark
Unable to control,
And struggled still, but yet in vain,
To curb his lofty soul.

V.

O'erpower'd he sunk upon the ground,
But straight arose again:
This insult tyrant thou shalt rue—
He never frowns in vain.
With bloody purpose in his heart
He stood aloof—alone,
But sheathéd still the avenging blade
Was sleeping on his zone.

VI.

In dudgeon high he left the court,
Nor ask'd the king's command;
But found himself deceived, betray'd,
A captive in the land.
But who can cross the fox's wile?
Control the eagle free?
The royal guards are shrewd and true,
But where is Sivájee?

VII.

The bird has flown; no stubborn cage
Its wily heart could tame;
For deadlier works of death prepare—
He comes with sword and flame!
Ye ply to trap with subtle words;
That feeble art is vain;
The trusting bird, when once deceived,
Will never trust again.

VIII.

No, ne'er again he'll cross the hall
To cringe on servile knee,
But oft, through battle's dusky smoke,
His blood-red sword ye'll see;
At merry feast he may not join,
But through the war-clouds dun,
O'er gasping chiefs and soldiers slain,
He'll lead the carnage on.

IX.

The bravest hearts shall own with dread
The fury of his wrath,
And sights of woe alone shall mark
The dread avenger's path;
With horror mute the wife shall gaze
Upon her murder'd lord,
While yet shall glow, though wet and dim,
The unrelenting sword.

X.

On vengeance he will build his name,
Till rocks aloud resound
The glory of his valiant arms,
And quakes the unconscious ground;
Till e'en the scorner, from his throne,
Shall mark the kindling fire,
And wish that he had never stirr'd
That haughty soul's dark ire.

THE DEATH-BED OF AURUNGZEBE.

I.

The clouds are lowering darkly down—
Low on his couch a monarch lies;
The angry storm is rushing by—
Shall ne'er again that monarch rise?

II.

He lies upon his downy bed,
His vassals round him throng;
Their cheering looks and words are vain,
And vain the power of song.

III.

Raise, raise the royal requiem loud,
Exalt the note of death;
The gasping monarch covets now
The meanest peasant's breath!

IV.

'Neath tempest and the murky sky
The eagle-heart lies low;
But why in death that withering gloom
Still mars his royal brow?

V.

With troubled eye the monarch sees
A slow-proceeding hearse;
And in the moaning blast he hears
An injured father's curse.

VI.

Why starts the sultán from his couch?
Down, traitor! tyrant, down!
O! whither rolls that vacant eye?
He sees the murder'd Dárá frown.

VII.

And whither wanders Soojá yet?
Are not his sufferings o'er?
He slumbers on a foreign strand,
And troubles now no more.

VIII.

The princely Murád, where is he?
Gaze, monarch, gaze again!
He moves not in the courtly hall,
They miss him on the plain.

IX.

Was it a dream? Why shudders thus
The tyrant's sinking frame?
Brave Murád to the dungeon went,
But thence he never came.

X.

In prison-cell who gnaws his chain?
A brother's darling heir;
Speak, Sheko,[1] speak! Ah! wherefore dumb?
No Sheko slumbers there!

XI.

Ungracious Sepehr[2] hear'st thou not?
Thy sov'reign calls thee near:
That form is not of flesh and blood—
Avaunt! dread shape of fear.

XII.

O God! why in this hour the past
Should thus recounted be?
Soothe, Lord! the sinner's troubled heart,
And take it back to Thee.

XIII.

The monarch on his death-bed lies,
Why heedless of his crown—
That bauble, which to grasp he brought
A hoary father down?

[1] Sulimán Sheko, son of Dárá.
[2] Another son of Dárá.

XIV.

The palace-walls are deck'd with gems;
Alas, he heeds them not!
His toils and troubles all are o'er,
Ambition, all forgot!

XV.

Where monuments record his fame
Strains not his aching eye;
His glories, dwindling from his glance,
In chaos buried lie.

XVI.

Now darker dreams torment his soul,
And madness revels there;
The victor-crown, the peacock-throne,
Have melted in the air!

XVII.

The mighty monarch—king of kings![a]
Is sinking to his grave;
But wherein is he greater now,
Than e'en his meanest slave?

XVIII.

He shares a guiltier bed by far;
He leaves a fouler name;
And trembling to his Maker flies,—
He flies in fear and shame.

[a] Allumgire, or sovereign of the world.

XIX.

Around him servile courtiers prate
To soothe his dying ears;
Abroad, throughout his vast domains,
A nation's curse he hears.

XX.

In agony he looks around,
As if an angel-hand
Upon the wall his fate had writ,
With burning marl, or brand.

XXI.

He looks around, and sees alone
The Great, Eternal Sire!
Not beaming on him love and smiles,
But girt with vengeful ire.

XXII.

Speechless in fear, he gazes still
On Justice' awful throne!
And there the prostrate sinner dreams,
Great Mercy sits alone!

XXIII.

The clouds that hid the azure sky,
Have hurried with the blast;
And shuddering, trembling, hoping still,
The sinner's soul hath past!

MY NATIVE LAND.

I.

My native land, I love thee still!
There's beauty yet upon thy lonely shore;
And not a tree, and not a rill,
But can my soul with rapture thrill,
Though glory dwells no more.

II.

My fallen country! on thy brow
The ruthless tyrants have engraved thy shame,
And laid thy haughty grandeur low;
Yet even thus, and even so,
I love to lisp thy name.

III.

What though those temples now are lone
Where guardian angels long did dwell;
What though from brooks that sadly run,
The naiads are for ever gone—
Gone with their sounding shell!

IV.

And haunted shades and laurel bowers
Resound not now the minstrel's fiery lay,
And, e'en though deck'd with orient flowers,
They ne'er recall those witching hours,
For ever past away:

V.

My heart yet may not cease to burn
For thy sweet woodlands, and thy sunny shore;
Though oft unconscious it will turn,
Unconscious sigh, unconscious yearn
For glorious days of yore!

VI.

Those days of mythic tale and song,
When dusky warriors, in their martial pride,
Strode thy sea-beat shores along,
While with their fame the valleys rung,
And turn'd the foe aside.

VII.

Then sparkled woman's brilliant eye,
And heaved her heart, and panted to enslave;
And beauteous veils and flow'rets shy,
In vain to hide those charms did try
That flash'd to woo the brave.

VIII.

My fallen country! where abide
Thy envied splendour, and thy glory now?
The Páthán's and the Mogul's pride,
Spread desolation far and wide,
And stain'd thy sinless brow.

IX.

In freedom's shrine, the slave alone
Now dwells—a lasting monument of thy shame!
The mighty and the brave are gone;
Thy hallow'd triumphs overthrown—
The trophies of their fame!

X.

But still the sun his noon-tide ray
Darts proudly on thy mountains towering round;
And heedless winds with streamlets play,
As slow they murmur on their way,
Through th' lovely, classic ground.

XI.

And human naiads love to roam
Where reckless sweep thy regal rivers bold;
By temple, and by shatter'd dome,
Of gods the consecrated home,
The hallow'd shrines of old!

XII.

And beauty's eye retains its fire,
What though its lightnings flash not for the brave;
And beauteous bosoms yet aspire,
With passion strong and warm desire,
To wake the crouching slave.

XIII.

My country! fallen as thou art,
My soul can never cease to heave for thee:
I feel the dagger's edge, the dart
That rankles in thy widow'd heart,
Thy woeful destiny!

XIV.

I cannot choose but love thee yet;
And, while I rove thy fragrant meads along,
I only wish I could forget
That thy sun hath for ever set,
Sweet land of love and song![4]

[4] The following beautiful stanza was added, to a presentation copy of the poem, by the late Rev. J. H. Parker:—

"Nay, not *for ever* set thy sun;
Truth's brighter, holier sun shall rise to shine:—
See, even now, the dawn begun,
A glorious course thou yet may'st run,
Beneath the beamings of that 'Sun
Of Righteousness' Divine."

LAYS OF ANCIENT GREECE.

THE RAVINGS OF PROMETHEUS.

I.

I SEE thee in thy vastness, Jove!
I feel thee in thy power;
The earth, it heaves and quakes beneath,
The skies around me lower;
I hear thy thunder's loud rebound,
I see the wreaths of lightning glare;
But know'st thou not, O vengeful king!
How much the broken heart will dare?

II.

The rock is riven by the blast;
The hurricane sweeps the sea;
The sky confounded seeks to hide
Beneath the grassy lea:
Th' unyielding spirit, pride begirt,
Albeit 'twill break, will never bend;
Shiver the mountains from their base,
My heart, O sire! you will not rend.

III.

Invent a flame more piercing still
Than lightning's fiery flash;
Brandish a deadlier bolt to mock
The thunder's pounding crash;
A louder din than whirlwinds raise:
Through all the elemental cry
Thou yet wilt hear my curses deep,
The ravings that can never die.

IV.

O'erpower my soul and body too;
Command the eagle's beak
To lacerate my living frame,
My chains with blood to streak:
Defiance of thy fiendish power
Will yet assuage my gnawing pain;
Crumble my form to ashes light,
Thou smit'st to crush my heart in vain.

V.

Still unsubdued and undismay'd,
I lift not hands to thee;
Beyond endurance though my pain,
Endurèd it shall be:
Thy heart no softness feels, I know,
And never glutted is thine ire;
My heart no weakness can admit,
Above thy hate it doth aspire.

VI.

I ransom'd mortals from thy wiles,
For them thy power defied;
Think'st thou for self I'll meanly bow,
And my own act deride?
Hiss forth thy vengeance undisturb'd,
Fire thou the artillery of hell;
Of fiends thou art the greatest fiend,
And this to thee shall Prometheus tell.

VII.

Come, horrors come! enwrap me round;
I care not where I go;
The earthquake and the hurricane
Point to the abyss below:
I feel the whirl that flings me down,
I yield not yet the reverent knee;
O mother Earth, behold my wrongs!
O Jove supreme, I spit at thee!

EVADNE.

I.

Say, is he dead, the iron-arm'd,
Struck by the fire of Jove?
And is the pyre that him consumes
Now ready for my love?
Ah, why prolong a weary life?
Yon pyre can hold both man and wife.

II.

Capaneus, husband of my love!
Behold, I come to thee!
I cannot live from thee apart;
That were no life for me:
The rock is high; one leap below,
The hungry flames will end my woe.

III.

Nay, father, nay, obstruct me not:
Farewell, old man, farewell!
The sweetest death I'll surely die;
Let Argive maidens tell
To future days my husband's name,
And how I married him in flame.

THE LAMENT OF ANTIGONE.

I.

Alas! for the house of Œdipus!
Alas! for Laius' honor'd name!
How shall I raise the dire lament
For Thebes's prostrate fame?
What god in heaven shall I invoke?
What bird from pine-tree or the oak
Responsive to my tears will sing,
And comfort to this bosom bring?

II.

O father! blind, bed-ridden man!
To thee what tidings shall I tell?
Thy sons no longer see the light;
Upon each other's sword they fell!
With horror shuddering at the strife,
Between them rush'd thy mother-wife;
Her breasts she bared; they heeded not;
Her own hand dealt the blow she sought.

III.

O Œdipus! thy wretched age
How shall it bear this heap of woe?
I rend the fillet from my hair,
My tears for thee incessant flow!
Jocasta led thy darken'd feet;
Now who will give thee help so meet?
Thy noble sons, they both are gone,
And I am left to thee alone.

IV.

My mournful office to the dead,
O father! unperformèd lies,
For Creon to Polynices' corse
The rite of sepulture denies:
But I have sworn his noble worth
I'll cover yet with secret earth;
Now come, O father! we must go,
Exilèd from this land of woe.

THE VENGEANCE OF MEDEA.

I.

Why is your brow so dark, Medea?
What grieves your woman's heart?
Is it that of man's deceit
You knew not by your art?
O'er Jason's perjured truth
Go immolate your ruth;
Despised your love for Glaucé's face,
Call vengeance from the gods
On Creon's house and race!

II.

The presents from a rival's hands,
O Glaucé, see how rare!
A fine-wrought robe, a wreath gold-twined,
To bind thy raven hair!
And Glaucé smiling puts them on;
But ah! that smile was quickly gone,
By terror chased away:
"I burn! I burn!" she cries aloud;
Her father, pressing through the crowd,
Enfolds her in his arms;
Beware Medea's awful charms!
O, hapless maid and hapless sire,
Ye both consume with mystic fire!

III.

What further fears are there in store?
What mean Medea's groans?

Like Ino, madden'd by the gods,
  She kills her own two sons.
Hear'st not their cry, ill-fated one?
  How soft for life they plead?
Her hand is firm, her stabs strike deep;
  Behold the babies bleed!
Unhappy Jason comes too late,
And barréd is the Colchian's gate.

IV.

But see! she passes through the air
  By wingéd dragons drawn,
The bodies of her slaughter'd sons
  Are on the chariot thrown.
"Jason, thy love I now despise,
  The fruits at Juno's shrine I'll lay;
Then go to wed Pandion's son;
  Mourn thou for these, grow old and stay:
Medea's love you could forget,
Her vengeance you'll remember yet."

THE DANCE OF THE MÆNADS.

I.

GREAT PENTHEUS, seated on the lofty pine,
  With horror saw, in Cithæron,
Thy daughters, Cadmus, lead the frantic dance;
  Their bosoms bare, their garments strown.

II.

What fire, O Bacchus! riots in their veins!
  Where is their matron modesty gone?

O Pentheus! look not on thy mother's shame!
Agavé! blush to see thy son!

III.

Excited Ino and Autonoë fair,
O stop your lustful revelry!
Possess'd of Bacchus and with frenzy fired
Their eyes no mortal traitor see.

IV.

"A spy o'erlooks us!" cry the Mænad throng,
And leering gape upwards the tree,
Where Pentheus, at their orgies quite aghast,
Was musing in perplexity.

V.

"Is it a lion or a boar we see?"
Agavé speaketh to the band:
"Haste, sisters!" and from rock and cave they bound,
And all around the pine-tree stand.

VI.

The tree they tear up from the solid earth;
What will not Bacchic frenzy do?
Like hungry dogs the madden'd women rave;
Agavé, mind, who speaks to you!

VII.

"O, mother, help! nor slay thy only son;
The anger of these fiends allay:"
She foams and raves, she looks with frenzied eyes;
Her son she seizes as a prey.

VIII.

The Mænads tear him limb by limb, and strew
The several parts in Cithæron;
Agavé, joyous, bears the head away,
"Behold! we've kill'd a young lion!"

IX.

O wretched woman! by what fury fired
Madly hast thou thy own son slain?
Just as his dogs the bold Actæon tore,
That broke Autonoë's heart in twain.

X.

Now see, where Bacchus comes with wrathful eyes!
"Why shame ye thus," he cries, "my name?
As Ceres with dry food your frames revives,
With nectar I your souls inflame.

XI.

"List, wolves! the liquid vigour of the grape
Gives respite from the sorest grief,
In soft oblivion lulls the care-worn soul,
To pain and sickness brings relief.

XII.

"No medicine on earth has holier power:
But mortals, reft of reason's light,
This glorious boon they first abuse,
Then like Agavé stand in fright!

XIII.

"Their own dark deeds to gods they attribute:
For your foul crimes are we to blame?
Agavé, fly; assume a dragon's form,
And in that form wring out your shame."

THE STORY OF ALCESTIS.

I.

O WOMAN'S love! Her own young life
Alcestis to Admetus gave,
When parents old refused to die,
And by their death their son to save!

II.

Alcestis, mindful of her husband's worth,
Gave up her life without a sigh,
While groan'd the king, and wept their babes,
And not a servant's eye was dry.

III.

"O husband! loved, revered, hear!
A willing death I die for thee;
But take not to thy bridal bed
Another wife in place of me.

IV.

"I leave my children to thy care;
For them no second mother bring;
With them none ere can me replace;
A stepdame hath a viper's sting.

V.

"No other boon I ask of thee;
Be happy all the days you live;
Let them be happy too, my love,
And then my spirit will not grieve.

VI.

"Farewell! one look, one sigh, farewell!"
Admetus' wife is now no more;
But who knocks at the palace-gate?
The son of Jove is at the door.

VII.

Great Hercules admittance craves;
A guest must ne'er be sent away;
Well-housed, he learnt the cause of woe
And hasten'd where the warm corse lay.

VIII.

"List, Pluto, list! that corse is mine;
Give back the life you've ta'en away;
I seize thee else:" great Pluto starts;
He gives Alcestis back to day!

IX.

A shrouded woman's to Admetus brought—
"I've won this prize, O king! for thee;
Receive her to thy house and heart,
And let her like Alcestis be."

X.

O! joyous was Admetus' heart
That precious present to retain;
Beyond the hopes of mortal man
He saw his own revived again.

HERCULES FURENS.

I.

"DIE, murderous dog!" and Lycus lies,
Bereft of life, in his own palace-hall,
And Thebes and Megara are both avenged!
But why distraught thy scowling eyes?
Why do thy breathings so heavily fall?
Why is thy face, O Hercules! so changed?

II.

Woe, woe, for Thebes! 'Tis Juno's wrath
That Madness sends to Alcmena's son,
Now raving for Eurystheus still unslain;
O Megara! avoid his path!
Speed forth, ye children, from the house and run:
He hunter-like pursues; your flight is vain!

III.

"'Twas I the dog of Lerna slew,
The Nemean lion, the Erymanthean boar,
And in their mountain-homes the centaurs free;
And shall my avenging hands spare you,
Eurystheus' brood? No, with your gore
You must repay his bitter hate for me?"

IV.

Hold, madman! 'tis thy own blood flows,
And not Eurystheus' brood you murder so;
Thy own sweet children cling in fear for life!
They cling in vain! His frenzied blows
The suppliants strike; first fall the elder two,
And then the youngest and his own loved wife.

V.

With horror mute Amphitryon stands
Deep-rooted, for his feet refuse to fly,
While like a frighted horse his son comes round:
Minerva sees, and in her hands
A rock upheaves, which tearing through the sky
The madman strikes, and pins him to the ground.

VI.

Supine the vanquish'd hero lies!
O goddess dread! his murd'rous raving stay,
From Juno's dreadful ire one victim save!
The prayer is heard; his weary eyes
In sleep are closed, and Madness chased away
To utter darkness flies, from breast so brave.

THE DEATH OF HIPPOLYTUS.

I.

LIFT me! O lift me! for the pains rush through
In spasms through my brain;

Dash'd by my horses on the rock,
My bones are shatter'd by the shock;
Behold me by a father's curses slain!

II.

Guiltless I suffer from a woman's hate,
Crush'd by a loathsome lie;
'Tis known to all the powers above
I ne'er returnéd Phædra's love,
Yet Jove permits me wretched thus to die.

III.

O curse unhappy! O sire deceived!
Behold the tears I weep!
I cannot bear this racking pain,
In kindness pierce me through the brain,
Great Pluto lull me to eternal sleep!

IV.

A breath of perfume comes to cheer my soul!
What goddess here I see!
Diana, of the silver bow,
Behold thy hunter laid thus low,
Return my father's tender love to me!

V.

Groan, father, groan! thy son's short life is o'er:
Too late thou know'st the truth!
Now clasp me to thy heart again,
Within thine arms assuage my pain;
See darkness comes to quench the eyes of youth!

VI.

O realms of Athens and of Pallas wise!
From ye for e'er I go;
My strength is past, my pangs are o'er;
For me, O father! grieve no more;
I leave for blissful vales this land of woe.

ION AND CREUSA.

I.

"O THOU, that flood'st the world with light!
Apollo, of the seven-string'd lyre!
Why hast thou crush'd with bitter hate
The victim of thy own desire?

II.

"A virgin, by the limpid lake,
You saw me gathering crocus-bells,
You dragg'd me to the darksome cave,—
The secrets of that cave who tells?

III.

"I wretched bore to thee a boy,
But fearing evil name to brave,
In swaddling-clothes the child exposed,
Trusting his father him would save.

IV.

"But, cruel god, your hapless son
You suffer'd hungry birds to tear;
Hast thou the heart to sing and play
While I my load of sorrows bear?

V.

"In wedlock's bonds no child I've borne,
My husband gets a son from thee;
My hopes are gone, my heart is broke:
Thou couldst not give my child to me.

VI.

"O god, that shared my virgin shame!
Now pierce me with thy fiery dart;
In my own house another's child
To rear and feed will break my heart."

VII.

Thus Creusa mourn'd before the shrine
Of great Apollo, son of Jove!
While Ion from the priestess' hands received
The clothes that mark'd a mother's love.

VIII.

"These swaddling-clothes receive, my boy,
For safe enwrapp'd in them you lay,
When to these hallow'd precincts brought,
A poor, forsaken, cast-away.

IX.

"By these seek out thy mother now,
If haply she survives her shame:"
"She does," Creusa cries aloud;
"Salute me by that mother's name.

X.

"Apollo, father of my son!
I bless thee that thou blessest me;
This, this repays the cruel turn
That I received afore of thee."

XI.

Impatient Creusa folds her son
In one prolongéd, fond embrace;
The tears gush forth from both their eyes,
Press'd heart to heart and face to face.

XII.

And smiles old Xuthus that the child,
Apollo's gift, his wife loves well:
What man can fathom woman's heart?
Thy joy, O Creusa, who can tell?

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

I.

"Alas for me! O sire unkind!
How shall I move thy heart of stone?
Had I Orpheus' voice of fire
Thou might'st have listen'd to my moan.

II.

"Persuasion's voice thou heedest not;
What have I then but tears to show?
Unapt in words, my wail receive;
O father! see me suppliant bow.

III.

"Take not from me the life you gave;
'Tis sweet, O king! to see the light!
O send me not so unprepared,
So early, to the realms of night!

IV.

"Remember, sire, I was the first
To hail thee by a father's name;
That oft, with kisses on my lips,
Thou'st prest me to repeat the claim.

V.

"Dandling thy child, thou oft hast said
A worthy mate thou wouldst give to me;
I never dreamt that thou didst mean
That Pluto should that husband be.

VI.

"What have I done to lose thy love?
Why should my life for Helen's pay?
If angry gods a victim want
Why not thy hands on Hermione lay?

VII.

"The Grecian ships off Chalcis lie;
The gods deny a favouring gale;
Let Menelaus the victim find
That fain must help the chiefs to sail.

VIII.

"Plead, mother, plead! cry, brother, cry!
He lists not to my plaint of woe:
Ulysses comes to tear me hence;
With that fell man let me not go.

IX.

"Achilles self hath sued in vain,
My father holds his purpose stern;
Who then shall help me in my need?
To whom shall I for mercy turn?

X.

"Diana! listen to my prayer;
Before my time I'm loath to go;
My heart appalléd backward shrinks
From horrors of the realms below.

XI.

"Raise, maidens, raise the pæan aloft!
The gods may grant what men deny:
Hear, goddess! for my tender years;
List, virgin queen, a virgin's cry!"

XII.

The cry was heard, the virgin saved;
A roaming stag did her replace;
The Greek ships proudly onward pass'd—
But of the girl they found no trace.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

I.

THE priestess arose from her sleep disturb'd,
For strange was the vision she saw;
She thought she had wander'd to Argos again,
And stood in its palace with awe.

II.

And the earth beneath her shook violently,
And she ran in fear from the gate,
When the roof of the building fell inwards below,
And nothing was left of its state.

III.

No, nothing was left, but one pillar alone,
That seem'd to stream with golden hair;
When the scene was changed to the Scythian land,
And a victim awaited her there.

IV.

A victim sure before the temple stands,
And yellow are the locks that flow;
A Greek cast on that inhospitable shore:
A Greek! Why starts the priestess so?

V.

"O Greek! thy forfeit life I'll give to thee,
If thou wilt news of Argos say,—
How fairs Agamemnon, Atreus' son?
And how his queen, Clytemnestra gay?"

VI.

"Cease, woman, cease! thy bloody knife prepare:
I do not ask my life of thee;
But put not questions which my vitals tear;
Erinnys yet remembers me!"

VII.

"What then art thou to Agamemnon? say;
My heart misgives, I fain would know:
Hast thou e'er heard the prince Orestes' name?
To me, O Greek! some pity show."

VIII.

"Why wilt thou ask what does not thee concern?
The king was by his own wife slain;
That wife before Orestes' dagger fell:
For peace Orestes seeks in vain!"

IX.

"O horrid doom! then where's Orestes now?
Canst thou to him my tale relate?
Say, that his sister Iphigenia lives,
By Dian rescued from her fate!"

X.

"Lives she! ah where? say priestess, I beseech;
In me the wretch Orestes see!
Do I in thee Iphigenia find?
Wilt thou a sister be to me?"

XI.

"O dearest brother! take me to thy arms,
Let us two mix our groans and tears,
And I from Erinnys will rescue thee,
Or Dian's self will chase thy fears."

XII.

A greater, see, from Heaven descends, Pallas!
Before whose glance the Furies quake:
"Orestes, with Iphigenia hie away,
And with ye Dian's image take.

XIII.

"Near heaven-built Athens build her there a shrine,
Upon the rock call'd Aloë;
Your trials then shall cease, no furies more
In frenzied fits you e'er will see."

THE DREAM OF HECUBA.

I.

"Why do my limbs so quiver?
Why beats my heart with fear?
I saw a dreadful vision
Before the morn was near;
By a ravenous wolf, I dreamt,
A dappled deer was torn;
And by a spectre to his tomb
A living maid was borne.
O dames of Troy! what further ills
To me this awful dream reveals?

II.

"Who shall my fears now interpret?
Where's Helenus, my seer?
And where's my poor Cassandra gone,
Who knows my heart to cheer?
Avert, O Jove! the fates I see,
For I am now forlorn;
My offspring gone, the old man dead,
My heart is rack'd and torn:
The light of life is quench'd in me;
O send not further misery!"

III.

Alas! alas! decrepid queen,
Not yet thy trials cease;
A victim for his cheerless tomb
Achilles asks of Greece:
And lo! the chiefs decide to tear
Polyxena from thy side,
And lead her living to the pyre,
A spectre's virgin bride!
Who wrests her from thy clasp so close?
Ulysses, fellest of the Trojans' foes!

IV.

And is there more, ye gods, for her?
More evils to endure?
Upon the wave-wash'd sand there lies
The corse of Polydore!

Thy dappled fawn, thy youngest boy,
Torn by the wolf of Thrace,
Behold! O luckless, childless queen,
Behold his welt'ring face!
Thy dream is read! Arise once more!
Avenge the death of Polydore!

THE TROJANS' CURSE.

I.

Raise, raise the wail for Ilium lost!
By craft at last laid low;
Ulysses, with his hidden spears,
Has dealt the fatal blow.

II.

In vain Achilles fought and slew,
In vain brave Ajax bled;
The Argive spear, the Trojan sword,
They raised but heaps of dead.

III.

Laertes' son, in crooked wiles
By artful Pallas taught,
At last before the open gates
The wooden fabric brought;

IV.

A horse, with golden trappings dress'd,
Which secret arms enwomb'd;
The treacherous bait we heedless drew
Within the city doom'd.

V.

Fraught with the slaughter of our race
By Pallas' shrine it stood;
And when the gloom of midnight came
What deeds were done of blood!

VI.

O grief to Phrygians, serf and lord,
How bright the fires arose!
And how in sleep were warriors slain
By fierce, relentless foes!

VII.

O wicked monster, lawless man!
Thy fiendish plot sped well;
But dying curse of Trojans slain
Will haunt thy soul in hell!

VIII.

Thou know'st not now what ills await
For thee on sea and shore;
For ten more years thou yet must toil
Before thy griefs be o'er.

IX.

Alone must cross Charybdis' strait,
The savage Cyclops brave,
A refuge find in Circe's isle
When shipwreck'd on the wave

X.

In living form thou must descend
To Pluto's dismal shore;
Then meet an angry, traitor band
At thy own palace-door.

XI.

Such are the ills the gods reserve,
O, impious man, for thee!
And if thou findest rest at last,
Not long that rest shall be.

XII.

For bloody man a bloody death;
Such is the fearful doom!
A son will speed the forceful spear
That shrouds thy soul in gloom.

THE TEARS OF ANDROMACHE.

I.

"They tell me 'tis my wedding day;
The crowning woe is come!
Achilles' son to be my mate,
And love to feign where I must hate,
Such is the captive's doom!

II.

"And I to him must lonely go,
Leaving my son behind—
Astyanax, his father's pride,
Who ne'er has left his mother's side,—
Much, much misgives my mind!

III.

"What heartless fiend this scheme devised?
Perdition be his fate!
The cowards fear that, manly grown,
My son may fight for Troy o'erthrown;
What ills for him await?

IV.

"In vain thou cling'st so fast to me,
Sweet burden of my arms!
I cannot save thy infant life,
No force to shield hath Hector's wife
From all their threaten'd harms.

V.

"O dearly prized! thy hapless doom
I fain desire to know;
Their vengeful hate unsated still,
The darkest fears my bosom fill;
What god will ward the blow?

VI.

"Speak, Talthybius, tell me what
The assembled Greeks decree:
Behold his likeness to his sire;
O! will they grant my fond desire
And spare the boy to me?"

VII.

"No, lady, no! his father's worth
The Greeks remember well;
Ulysses' voice his life demands,
And with him shout the Grecian bands;
The news I loathed to tell."

VIII.

"A child like this do warriors fear?
Alas, my fair-hair'd boy!
Even Hector's name's a curse to thee,
O! who will hearken then to me
And save a widow's joy?

IX.

"What wounds will smite thy tender limbs?
What blow release thy breath?
Thy body nurtured so with care,
Since evil men refuse to spare,
Soft be the clasp of death!

X.

"Now lead me to my captor's ship,
And hide me in its hold;
A pleasant wedding this for me:
May brides of Greece as happy be
For ages yet untold!"

CASSANDRA.

I.

IMPETUOUS burst my wailings deep,
The dreadful strains of prophecy!
Upon my brain what terrors crowd!
What unfeign'd fear possesses me!
Apollo, great destroyer mine,
O why must I such things divine?

II.

By his own cow a stately bull,
Unfairly caught, is gored to death;
A biped lioness with fiendish bite
Her lion strong deprives of breath,
By tiger help'd with her that lay
What time the lion was away.

III.

O fiend of hell in woman's form!
Canst thou such fearful actions dare?
I see her feign an angel's love,
I see her whet her dagger bare;
By three deep blows I see him slain,
But O! I speak my fears in vain.

IV.

Accurséd Scylla of the Atreus' race!
I see the blood-clot on thy brow!
A doom as fierce is left for thee,
A son will lay thy carcass low!
For me I care not now to die,
I only fear the horrors nigh.

V.

The palace reeks with royal gore,
The master of the house is gone;
O! who will order things aright?
O! where is now the master's son?
Come fast, come quick, Orestes come;
A power divine will guide thee home!

VI.

O king of Greece! I grieve for thee;
Troy's daughter mourns her captor slain;
An impious death has been thy meed,
Thou shouldst have died on Phrygian plain;
A woman foul has laid thee low,
And none to grieve the traitor blow!

VII.

Orestes, speed on wings of fire;
Avenger of the mighty dead!
Whet vengeance on thy father's corse,
And swear it on his life-blood red:
A dreadful task, O son! is thine,
Avenger of the Atreus' line!

THE FEARS OF ORESTES.

I.

The fit has left me! O balmy sleep!
Thou givest a respite which the gods deny!
When furies hound me in their rage,
In vain unto the gods I cry.

II.

Voracious virgins! wherefore me,
Horrid and fierce, ye madden day by day?
What have I done? A mother kill'd?
That mother did my father slay!

III.

Unholy mother and unholy wife,
Infamous her name throughout all Greece,
Was it a crime to shed her blood
Who kill'd her husband with a kiss?

IV.

Ye gods! how awful is your wrath!
Jove hath no pity; Apollo heedeth not!
My mother rolls her hideous eyes!
O can my crime be ne'er forgot?

V.

Whither, O! whither shall I fly?
O Pylades, my friend! direct my way;
The snake-crown'd sisters leap around;
No rest they give me night or day.

VI.

Strike me with thunder, O ye gods!
Almighty Jove, the matricide lay low!
Calmly I'll meet thy fiery bolt,
But bid these frenzied demons go.

VII.

Ye heed me not! With glaring eyes
The fiends approach me as I stand alone;
Hide, Electra, hide me in thine arms,
Or see thy brother turn'd to stone.

VIII.

But soft, the Loxian prophet comes!
The gods are just! my mother's rage is o'er;
Latona's son brings rest and peace;
Almighty Jove, I ask no more!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

I.

O Thou! of this great universe the Lord,
Whatever be Thy name!
Whose throne is far above the mountain's brow,
Whither may never pierce our mortal sight,
In mystic gloom, or radiant blaze of light,
Lord of these works! but far transcendent Thou!

II.

From pole to pole, and from the earth to heaven,
In all the spheres that burn,
Thy name is glorious, as it e'er should be;
For all creation at Thy will was made,
The giant mountain, and the wild cascade,
And the hoarse billows of the roaring sea.

III.

And every place Thy hallow'd presence owns,
Spirit of Purity!

Where Winter's chilly blasts perpetual reign,
And on the barren shores no verdure smiles,
The Polar sea, and Zembla's frozen isles,
As well as Summer's fertile, wide domain.

IV.

Through boundless space the stars harmonious ro
Each sparkling gem a world!
A world, or atom basking in Thy beam,
A fragment of Thy mystic, vast design,
Whose limits human pride may ne'er confine:
Lord of all Goodness! Thou art all Supreme!

STANZAS.

I.

I HAD a bird—a joyous bird,
Of gaudy hue and gilded wing,
And O! I loved full well to hear
That little warbler sing:
No haunted place, though dark and drear,
Could damp its soul with sadness;
From every bough, in every hour,
Alike it sang of gladness.
But once, upon rejoicing wings,
It wander'd far amain;
Pursued its flight o'er ocean's breast,
And ne'er return'd again.

II.

I had a tree—a fragrant shrub
That bloom'd beneath the sky,
Fann'd by each soft and cooling breeze
With love that pass'd it by:
Its fresh leaves, fringed with morning dew,
Could waken with a spell
Each sun-lit joy departed long,
And O! remember'd well!
But darkness came, the winds arose,
And, in their reckless play,
They wrench'd my sapling from the earth,—
'Twas wafted far away!

III.

I had a gem,—with brighter light
The stars of heaven ne'er shone;
And never from earth's deep recess
A purer thing was won.
But once, while musing by the stream,
I dropt it in the wave;
The heedless torrent murmur'd on—
No jewel back it gave:
I wept, and watch'd the sweeping flood;
I track'd it to the main;
Each ripplet mark'd with straining eyes;
But wept, and watch'd in vain.

IV.

'Tis ever thus—the loved depart
We know not whither borne;

And what we prize the dearest—best,
We've always first to mourn:
On to some distant land it speeds,
On to some better shore—
Like eager bird on joyous wings,
It flies to come no more:
Or like the shrub by tempests rent,
Or gem drown'd 'neath the deep—
'Tis ever thus—it parts for aye—
In vain we mourn and weep.

WOMAN.

I.

To that confiding, trusting soul,
O! be thou ne'er unkind;
A purer gem than woman's love
On earth thou wilt not find:
Through every dreary stage of life
That feeling fond will twine
A cestus round the lonely heart,
Of something so divine!
When tending in life's morning hour,
It consecrates the air
With many a soothing lullaby,
And many a hallow'd prayer;
Unflinchingly, through blight and storm,
Protects the happy child,
And wiles away its infant cares
With kisses soft and mild.

What resting-place so sweet and calm
As is a mother's breast?
What downy couch, what bed of flowers,
Can give such quiet rest?

II.

And when along life's rugged steep
A loftier course we run,
When youth and health are both our own,
And all beneath the sun
With radiant lustre seem to burn,
The loveliest vision yet
Is woman with her starry eyes
And flowing locks of jet:
'Tis woman's smile that on our path
Flings forth the sweetest charm,
And on this cold and dreary world
That keeps the bosom warm;
Her wistful eye, her artless look,
Prolongs the sunny gleam;
We own the spell, and while she smiles,
It is not all a dream!
Nor matters much, if after all
A transient dream it be;
Not on this sterile, dismal earth
Such visions oft we see.

III.

When youth, when hopes, when friends have past,
Who pours the healing balm,
And to the thirsty soul unseals
Life's sweetest, holiest calm?

The aching head who pillows still
  Upon her beating breast?
And who reclaims the sinner back,
  And lulls his soul to rest?
When sickness rules the tedious hours
  Who waits the peevish will?
A mother, sister, child, or wife,
  But lovely woman still!
There's not on earth, and O! perhaps,
  Not in the stars above,
Such steadfast feeling, fond and true,
  As woman's sacred love:
Then do not thou her troth deceive;
  Her heart it knows no change:
O! wherefore, like the giddy bee,
  Shouldst thou for ever range?

THE WIDOW.

I.

She knelt beside the running stream,
  Her dark eyes raised above;
And there in bitter mood she wept,
  With agony of love;
Her earthly joys and wishes gone,
She lowly knelt, and pray'd alone.

II.

Up to the dark'ning sky she gazed;
  The night was closing round;

Her hands were folded on her breast,
Her knees upon the ground:
With pity struck, the evening star
On her its radiance flung from far.

III.

They call'd the weary-hearted back;
Return! return! they said:
She gazed upon the roaring flood,
She gazed upon the dead:
Her only wish upon his breast,
Beneath that troubled flood to rest.

IV.

The evening wind blew cold and chill
Along the star-lit sky,
And still she mourn'd—she mourn'd alone—
The torrent murmur'd by;
And with its dirge-like, boding moans,
Her stricken bosom blent its groans.

V.

"My soaring hopes and prospects vain
Are all alike laid low,
Thy angry wrath, Almighty Lord!
Has scathed this haughty brow;
I bend—I bend beneath Thy rod,
O help this weary spirit, God!

VI.

"Hence, hence, I care not whither borne,
O! waft my soul to Thee;

Father of Mercies! deign to hear
One only prayer from me:
Bid me not pine in fetters here,
My prison-house is cold and drear."

VII.

But lo! behold, of sunny brow
A pretty child they bring,
A pretty child with laughing eyes—
A little, joyous thing!
Above there shone the evening star,
But O! that child was lovelier far.

VIII.

One moment—and her woman's heart
The potent charm confest;
Her child—her only treasure now—
She clasp'd upon her breast;
Then raised her swollen eyes above,
With all a widow'd mother's love.

IX.

"Father! forgive the first dark wish;
Not yet, not yet I part;
The well of feeling still lies deep
Within this wounded heart:
O! spare Thy gift—this love-pledge fair,
That binds me to this world of care."

WHAT WILT THOU WORSHIP, O MY SOUL?

I.

WHAT wilt thou worship, O my soul?
Look on the world around;
With wonders fraught the oceans roll,
And smile the hills with wonder crown'd!
But wilt thou to the raging main,
Or to the hill, or to the plain,
Thy votive homage pay?
A mightier power there reigns supreme;
O turn my soul, O turn to Him
Whom waves and hills obey.

II.

How vast, stupendous is His might
Let burning thunders tell,
And the lightning's livid light
When bursting o'er the dell!
O'er the wide sea the wild tornado raves,
Lashing to foam the angry waves
And heaving mountains to the skies;
But back unto the ocean's breast
Those self-same waves retreat to rest
When done H's purpose high

III

Darkness and [illegible] belong.
[illegible]

At His command the bright stars throng
To light the murky skies;
And when He draws the pall again
'Tis darkness over land and main,
And wild, primeval night,
Nor may one transient beam illume
The deepness of that dreary gloom
Until He calls for light!

IV.

Through desert sands, o'er frozen sod,
The heathen plods his rayless way,
In distant lands to seek for God,
O'er the sainted Himálay.
But thou, my soul, thy God is nigh
In peril's darkest hour;
No cavern dark, no mountain high
Can veil His awful power:
Then turn, my soul, O turn to Him,
The Lord of lords, that God supreme
Whom Heaven and Earth obey.

NEW-YEAR'S-NIGHT WISHES.

(After Jean Paul Richter.)

I.

The new year opes its portals wide;
A spirit stands the path-way by,
Gazing upon the glowing sky

That speaks the coming sun:
That spirit proud is Destiny;
Natalie, go unto her side,
And make thy warmest wishes known.

II.

What wantest thou? wouldst thou have Joy?
Ah, no! Natalie's bleeding heart
Hath felt too oft the rosy dream
Of pleasure melting with a smart:
Joy is the murdering dagger's gleam,
The sunlight that precedes the gloom
Of tempests wild, the rankling thorn
That aye survives the flow'rets bloom,
Short-lived and quick outworn:
Natalie asketh not for joy.

III.

Then ask for Love: Natalie say,
Pray'st thou with love the livelong day
Thy life to be enwove?
Ah, no! not love, good spirit, nay,
I do not seek that radiant boon,
For I its sweets and griefs have known:
Natalie loved, the days are gone,
The loved one to her rest is laid,
And now Natalie stands alone
Beneath the myrtle's upas shade:
Natalie seeks not love.

IV.

Wouldst thou have Friendship, Natalie?
Ah, no! not that on hollow earth,
For here the bond is never true:
Friendship on earth is but a name;
Though strong at times its cords may seem,
Too oft, alas! 'tis nothing worth,—
The transient mockery of a dream,
That sets the heart and brain on flame,—
A something bright of golden hue,
Dull ashes soon to be!

V.

Then speak thy wish, and boldly say
For what thou prayest, Natalie?
The morning sun comes swift apace,
I cannot tarry here for thee.
Ah! give me *Patience*, Destiny;
Patience to run the weary race,
Patience to live and then to die,
To bear in peace the ills of life,
And buffet calmly in the strife,
And raise my eyes the while to Heaven:
Be this unto Natalie given!

THE SINNER'S PRAYER.

I.

The sinner comes with contrite heart,
O Lord! vouchsafe to hear;

Let Mercy, Love, and Goodness deign
To hail the sinner's tear.

II.

By conscience pierced with venom'd wrath,
In grief, and in dismay,
A w :tch forlorn he turns to Thee,
Thou sinners' only stay!

III.

Thy mighty power, it will not smite
The heart that dares repent;
With fervent hope he turns to Thee,
Relent, O Lord, relent!

IV.

He kneels a suppliant at Thy throne,
And seeks Thy grace, O King!
That he reclaim'd to virtue's path
His wand'ring steps may bring.

V.

Tempestuous storms around him lour,
And wild the surges roll;
O! who but Thou those blasts can curb,
Those furious waves control?

VI.

He asks not for life's pomp and power,
He sues not for life's fame,
He covets not the miser's pelf,
He covets not a name.

VII.

For peace on earth, and bliss in Heaven,
From sin exemption free,—
For these he kneels, for these he prays,
He humbly prays to Thee.

VIII.

And should to suffer be his lot,
He asks a patient mind;
Let friends deceive, let foes annoy,
But be not Thou unkind.

IX.

And if Thou deign'st to send him bliss—
What bliss on earth may be—
O! teach him how to use that gift
From pride and passion free.

X.

Whatever be Thy hid intents,
His only prayer shall be
For contrite heart, and spirit pure,
Love, hope, and trust in Thee.

XI.

Through life's inconstant, devious scenes—
Hills, valleys, shade, and sun,
Be Thine to guide the sinner's way,
And let Thy will be done!

HAPPINESS.

I.

UNNUMBER'D votaries raise thy song;
To worship thee what myriads throng;
What heart but pants and works with guile,
Embarks its all to win thy smile,
Braves every adverse current's might
To bask one moment in thy light;
And yet how few their end obtain,
For all their trouble, all their pain.
False meteors, with their fickle ray,
Mislead our eager hearts away;
And, still perverse, on error tost,
We ne'er observe our path-way lost.

II.

Some seek for bliss in wealth and power:
Above the rest their wishes tower,
At humble peace they look with scorn,
And feel themselves for greatness born,
With visions high, in manhood's prime,
Renown's rough hill essay to climb,
Refuse to limbs their needful rest,
And buffet on with haughty breast;
Unhappy still, but hoping yet
Some future day the prize to get,—
For ever thus their nerves they strain,
And toil and hope, but hope in vain.

III.

Others again, of thoughtful mind,
In nought but learning pleasure find;

On ancient books intent they pore,
And search for bliss in ancient lore,
In vigils pass each midnight hour,
Alone within their lonely bower,
Till aching brain, and furrow'd brow,
Their dreariness of heart avow,
And hope deferr'd to sickness grown,
Beholds no more the chymic stone;
Yet still they seek, with toil and pain,
What men in books may never gain.

IV.

And some, more foolish than the rest,
Essay in riot to be blest,
With wine and women lead the race;
But eyes bedimm'd and pallid face
Are all the guerdon of their toil.
Some with heroic ardour boil;
Anxious to get a warrior's name
They strive to win their bliss in fame;
But find that fame an empty breath,
The laurel but a wither'd wreath;
And yet they try their might again,
To lengthen out their toils and pain.

V.

But is there then no blessing here,
No joy to wipe the orphan's tear,
To ease the weariness of life,
To heal the wounds of fruitless strife?

Does every path to error lead?
Is sorrow man's inevitable meed?
Ah, no! while passions lead the way,
In folly's maze man moves astray;
But he who turns his eyes above,
With steadfast trust, and holy love,
On God relying hopes to gain
His bliss through faith, ne'er hopes in vain.

VOICE FROM AN INFANT'S TOMB.

I.

Pass, mourner, pass; and do not stay
To steep my bed with tears;
I would not be the thing thou art,
To tread thy vale of fears.

II.

"The poor heart sleeps!" Ah, wherefore poor?
I'm happier far than thee;
My world's a world of love and joy;
Do thou not weep for me.

III.

"The pale flower, nipt by frosty rime,
Hath vanish'd far away!"
'Tis thus they mourn'd; they mourn me still,
The livelong night and day.

IV.

" The dew-drop, dried in early morn,
Was miss'd upon the flower—
Was miss'd in earth, when it was gone
To grace a brighter bower."

V.

Alas! they know not where I am,
And what my bliss may be;
Else they had never wept so long:
They had not wept for me.

VI.

I've heard strange tales of worldly bliss,
Of manhood's wild career;
But broken heart, and seared brain,
Are all the trophies dear.

VII.

And flitting hopes, and hollow dreams,
Fond mourner, they are thine;
But all thy visions ne'er can paint
The pleasures that are mine.

VIII.

The rainbow for a moment gleams
And fills thy heart with glee;
But brighter bows perpetual shine
With sweeter charms for me.

IX.

Thy false light gone, the murky clouds
Again thy skies deform;
But clouds ne'er lower upon my path,
Nor blows the chilly storm.

X.

Alike to me the purple morn,
Alike the noon-day sky;
I have no joys that bloom to fade—
To wither, droop, and die.

XI.

No bird in all that earth of thine,
That floats on joyous wing,
Is half so free, or half so well
Can its light carols sing.

XII.

Then, wherefore weep for me, my friend?
I would not wish to be
The happiest man that moves on earth:
I'm happier far than thee!

THE ORPHAN'S GUARDIAN.

(After the *Guardian Genius* of Alphonse de Lamartine).

I.

A Lonely wanderer 'neath the pensive shades,
Oft have I sobb'd my childhood's hours away;

No prying eyes to watch my burning tears,
No footsteps fond to trace the orphan's play;
When she, life's sweetest friend, from earth was gone,
And I was left to brave the blast alone!

II.

I turn'd to weep while others round me smiled,
For on my cheeks no kiss was ever seal'd;
I sought the woods, and there I mused on joys
In dreams remember'd and in dreams reveal'd:
And O! I felt a light hand wipe my tears,
And lips that kissing, kiss'd away my fears!

III.

In youth, I sought the covert shades again,
And still my heart was big with griefs and fears;
I had no friend, none smiled my joy to see,
But some there were who smiled to see my tears:
An orphan's life how cheerless, and how lone!
I moved and lived, but felt my joys were flown.

IV.

I saw her still, for love can never die;
Despite each storm I kept her still in sight;
Implored her aid—from Heaven she seem'd to smile,
It was no dream—I mark'd that ray of light!
I felt thus early by the world forsook;
And yet my heart could smile beneath her look!

V.

In manhood's prime, too, I have lonely stray'd
O'er dreary wilds, to human feet unknown;
When wither'd, broken, sear'd with early blight,
My earth-bound hopes and joys alike were gone;
While words severe, repeated o'er and o'er,
Had pierced my bleeding bosom to the core.

VI.

Despite each grief, despite each weary care,
I ne'er forgot to raise mine eyes to Heaven;
I turn'd to God, for He alone, I knew,
Could heal the wounds by friends unkindly given:
And then she came—fond dreamer, 'twas a cloud!
Oh no,—she spake to me—she spake aloud!

VII.

And now old age is creeping in my veins;
My heart grown callous long hath ceased to feel;
Nor shrinketh now, as once 'twas wont to shrink,
From foeman's dart, or friendship's poison'd steel;
And life's last lingering hours are well-nigh o'er,
In peace I'm hastening to my haven shore.

VIII.

I never trusted to the proud man's aid;
Alone, as on the wide world I was cast,

I steer'd my bark, by tempests drear assail'd,
And, still alone, those tempests I have past:
Alone? No thou wert there, art present now,
My mother! O my guardian angel thou!

IX.

I see thee still; it is no phantasy;
I feel that thou art ever at my side;
That, whisp'ring voice, that viewless touch refined,
I know that they are thine, my angel guide!
And, while o'er flowery paths I follow thee,
Some transient gleams of Heaven, methinks I see.

X.

O! lead me still, as thou hast ever led,
To Him, whose power on earth we faintly see,
The orphan's refuge! and the orphan's God!
And, when He sets this weary spirit free,
O! lead me still, unto those blessèd bowers—
Thy home of light, where bloom perennial flowers!

SONNETS:—INDIA.

I.

What buried ages mingle in my dreams,
And visions wild of dread sublimity,
While slowly pacing by thy lordly streams,
I muse, "Niobe of nations!" on thee.
The page of history unveilèd seems,
And virtue's brightest triumphs there I see;

The victor's laurel, and the patriot's crown,
And Science' trophies piled aspiring high—
Braving the tempest's darkest, gloomiest frown,
And, almost impious, reaching to the sky!
A giddy throb my wondering pulses own,
And, lost in admiration, mute I gaze
On scenes whose memory, as ages fly,
Catch holier sympathy, and brighter blaze.

II.

My dreams dispell'd, in vain I seek around
The faintest semblance of those visions fair;
All-grasping Glory sits apart discrown'd,
Her monuments swept, or melted in the air!
Her children's hands with fetters mean ar bound,
And none, alas! to loose those fetters dare;
And Science, stooping from her condor flight,
Now grovels low in dark, Cimmerian gloom!
The victor's path is lost in rayless night,
The patriot's crown lies buried in the tomb.
Each nobler virtue now has found its grave,
And hideous sins thy hallow'd bosom stain;
At freedom's altar whines the recreant slave,
And servile hugs the despot's loathsome chain!

III.

And shall I to the future turn my gaze?
The future is a sealèd book to man,
And none so high presumes his sight to raise;
God's mystic secrets who shall dare to scan!

But sure it is no mighty sin to dream;
I dreamt a dream of strange and wild delight,
Freedom's pure shrine once more illumed did seem,
The clouds had pass'd beneath the morning light;
On beauty's cheek I mark'd the tear-drops dry,
And sighs and groans for ever fled the land;
Science again aspirèd to the sky,
And patriot valour watch'd the smiling strand:
A dream! a dream! Why should a dream it be?
Land of my fathers! canst thou ne'er be free?

DEATH'S INVITATION.

I.

Come, little cherub, come to me,
I'll give thee on my breast
A nest so soft, a bed so warm,
'Twill lull thee to thy rest;
And sweet, my bird, that sleep shall be,
When darkness' flown I'll waken thee.

II.

Thou drooping form of lovely youth,
Sweet maiden, fond and fair,
Nay, sit not thou apart to weep—
With sighs to rend the air;
O, come to me, my blooming flower,
I'll place thee in a happy bower.

III.

And thou, fond turtle, lonely dove,
That steep'st thy husband's bier,
Come, hither come, and I will wipe
Thy burning, briny tear;
And I will ease thy heaving breast,
And calm thy troubled soul to rest.

IV.

Art thou a wretch to misery born,
And yet wouldst happy be?
Wouldst fly the bitter taunts of pride?
Then, stranger, come to me;
And I will hide thy weary head,
Till earth and sea restore the dead.

V.

Come, sinner, come, come child of guilt,
Remorse has here no sting;
Thou wretched captive cease to mourn,
For peace to thee I bring:
'Tis mine to watch the hollow eye,
'Tis mine to wipe your tear-drops dry.

VI.

The rich man turns away with scorn,
Come, orphan, here to rest;
Thy sunken cheeks, and wasted limbs,
I'll shield them on my breast;
I'll shield them through the murky night,
Nor wake thee till the morning light.

VII.

That faithless crutch supports thee not,
Come feeble man of years,
A safer prop to thee I'll lend,
I'll hush thy boding fears;
Nay, fly not—fly not, turn again,
I bring relief, but give no pain.

VIII.

And, O ye pure—ye angel minds!
Ye righteous sons of earth!
The minister of God's holiest love,
'Tis mine to crown your worth;
To save from harms to me is given,
And I alone can lead to Heaven!

THE MORNING STAR.

I.

The morning star,
On rosy car
E'er foremost to proclaim the day,
From dewy bed,
All blushing red,
Through night's dull chaos bursts her way.

II.

Soft shoots afar,
The lovely star,

The beam that lights her timid eyes;
With silent voice
The worlds rejoice,
And smiles illume the murky skies.

III.

Sleep quits her reign,
O'er steep and plain
The early labourer plodding far,
On dewy lawn,
Ere wakes the dawn,
Exulting greets the lonely star.

IV.

So soft and bright
Its beacon light,
It seems a radiant home of love;
A flickering beam,
A fairy dream,
Or gleam of Heaven above!

V.

A sparkling isle
Of love and smile,
It floats on ether's joyous sea—
A home of rest,
For spirits blest,
For spirits pure and free!

VI.

Sweet shimm'ring star,
That wand'rest far,
From hill to rill, to valleys green;
Where mist-wreaths sleep,
Where torrents leap,
Where listless ocean-waves are seen!

VII.

Thy radiant light,
So soft and bright,
Hath power to check our scalding tears;
Our hearts to wile,
From care beguile,
And hush our rising fears.

VIII.

I love thee most
Of all the host
That deck heaven's stainless canopy;
Ere morning breaks
With purple streaks,
I love afar to follow thee.

IX.

Emblem of Heaven!
To thee 'tis given
To shew how Mercy blazeth bright—
Thou lonely star,
That shinest afar,
Thou twinkling realm of light!

X.

Stay, meteor, stay!
One moment stay,
And let me gaze my fill;—
Thou wearest fast,
Thy reign is past,
Thou may'st not wait on will.

XI.

The star is [illegible],
Its hours is run,
Its lovely light has left the sky:
There's Mercy yet!
But we forget
That time is hurrying by.

RUINS.

I.

Is this the end of mortal toil?
Must man's great works thus ever die;
His mighty structures crumbling fall,
And dwindle still, as ages fly?
I stand where stood the good and great,
But what abideth of their state?

II.

The splendours of their mighty name,
Like sounds and dreams, away have past;

And where the song of triumph rose,
The hooting owl now hails the blast!
Smitten and shatter'd round me lie
The towers sublime that pierced the sky!

III.

And nestles in the sacred fanes
The wild jackal and boding rook;
The spider weaves her thin, grey web,
In dreary chamber's silent nook;
On riven porch the ivy crawls,
And rank weeds mock the broken walls.

IV.

Where blazed a thousand brilliant lights
The moon with pallid radiance shines,
And piteous howls the desert gale;
While thoughts sublime, and great designs,
Alike lie buried in the tomb,
In one unhallow'd, dreary gloom!

V.

Hail! ruins, hail! ye seem to tell,
Man's glories ever thus decay:
"O where are they?" we call aloud,
And Echo answers, "Where are they!"
In vain on earthly hopes we trust;
Behold, how dust returns to dust!

STANZAS.

I.

Not temples rear'd by mortal hands,
Nor altars built of stone,
Can consecrate the hallow'd thought
That turns to Thee alone.
Wherever pour'd, it matters not,
That prayer will reach to Thee,
Which rushes from a contrite heart,
While tears are gushing free.

II.

Nor is that worship vain, that dares
With steadfast eyes to see,
In all the wond'rous works around,
A present Deity!
Unlearn'd in lore that stoops to kneel
Upon the blasted heath,
And feels the while that Thou look'st down
On all alike beneath.

III.

No temple this where now I stand;
Above—the sky is clear;
The waning moon is sinking down;
But Thee, I feel Thee here:
And here I kneel, with heart subdued
And thoughts resign'd to Thee;
One only boon I humbly crave—
My God! forsake not me.

THE ATHEIST'S DOOM.

I.

Upon a tempest-troubled sea
The lone ship sweepeth on;
And not a star, to light its path,
Now shimmers through those banners dun—
The clouds so grim and dark.

II.

But onward still it braves the storm;
No needle points its way;
And, o'er the trackless waters borne,
It wanders far astray—
That lone and helmless bark!

III.

O whither, to what haven shore,
It speeds to find its rest?
Through foam and wind, with haughty prow,
It cleaves the ocean's breast,
Regardless of the gloom!

IV.

But lo! now shatter'd on the rocks,
A wreck it passes by;
And, lost beneath the boist'rous waves
Its richest treasures lie;
Such is the Atheist's doom!
Alas! nor learning, pride, or state,
Can e'er avert that awful fate.

PRIZE POEM.

WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BY SHUTEESH CHUNDER DUTT.[1]

I.

Why sends Britannia her eldest son
To India's distant shore,
Braving the dangers and the storms
Behind him and before?
Daring on seas the elemental strife,
Daring on land the Syed's knife,—
What comes he to explore?

II.

Is it because the Russian's foot
Is nearer to Kabool?
Is it because the Persian proud
Is now the Cossack's tool?
And fears Britannia that, a passage found,
The invaders might on Indian ground
O'erturn her peaceful rule?

[1] The name is of the author's grandson.

III.

Queen of the Seas, throw back such fears;
They are unworthy thee!
The Cossack shall not thee despoil,
Nor India Cossack be:
Our mutual love twice sixty years
Hath counted now, through smiles and tears,
And one in heart are we!

IV.

While floats above thy banner brave,
We sleep secure in peace;
Think'st thou we know not how to prize
A boon so great as this?
And will the rugged Northern Bear,
To break this rest, to us repair?—
Then let him well-arm'd be!
From Himálay to far Ceylon
The races all will rise as one,—
All true alike to thee!

V.

Welcome, most welcome, Prince of peace!
Of virtuous parents born,
Behold thine Empire's far extent:—
None brighter crown hath worn.
Read, read the hearts that beat for thee;
Their wish is only one,
That thou, like Victoria, pure may be,
And good as Albert gone.
Then shall thy kingdom aye endure—
The King of kings loves but the pure.

VI.

From Káshi's sacred fane shall rise
A holy prayer for thee;
On Pooree's sod, in Brindábun
We'll bend the reverent knee:
For God is one, our God and thine,
We'll pray to Him at every shrine
That thou may'st blessèd be.

VII.

Hail, future Lord of India, hail!
But Heaven delay thy reign.
Long may thy holy Mother live;
But when, relieved from earthly pain,
She, like the sun, sinks down to rest,
Plant thou her virtues in thy breast,
Her wisdom in thy brain.

VIII.

A blessèd life, O Prince, be thine!
And rest the blessing in thy line!
Thus shall we pray for thee:
Rejoice a subject nation's heart
By being good as great thou art:—
Our Prince, thus welcome we!

Calcutta, India, 1875.

POETICAL SQUIBS.

THE LAY OF ZUBBERDUST KHÁN.

(Translated from the Pushtoo of Ildooz Hossein.)

I.

Who has not heard of Chingez Khán!
The greatest, sure, of lords was he;
He was the lord of many lords,
And of the whole of Tártáry.

II.

The sun that daily shines on all,
Without his 'hest he ne'er arose;
The gentle moon with silver light
Did never dare to light his foes.

III.

And many slaves of high emprise
As vassal-lords his gateway throng'd;
Lieutenants and sub-lieutenants named,
To them the power to rule belong'd.

IV.

Among the proudest of the band,
Among the stubbornest of them all,
The very first was Zubberdust Khán,
The chieftain of Alphoorá Hall.

V.

He reign'd o'er Bungloo's marshy land
With sturdy hand and obstinate will;
The Káffirs groan'd, e'en Tártárs quaked:
His iron rod who did not feel?

VI.

In Bungloo's land before had reign'd
Háldooz, a chief of warlike name,
And Grunti Khán, the Káffir's friend,
And Beedaroon, of classic fame.

VII.

The last was Geeray Khán, the true;
Last, but not least rever'd was he:
Now times were changed, for Zubberdust
Could never rule from passion free.

VIII.

The Khán had many liegemen true;
He sent them one by one away;
Idonee proud he could not brook,
And Thomán was too good to stay.

IX.

Damferá was a Toorki slave,
By self esteem'd as Noshirwán just;
But Chingez did not prize him so,
And sent him back to Zubberdust.

X.

Another slave had Zubberdust bought
In the slave-market of Tagfore,
Bernádeen was the fellow's name,
Great in intrigue, in intellect poor.

XI.

"Ho!" said Zubberdust, speaking loud,
"Thus shall we reign, my minions, hear!
Whate'er I say, it must be done;
Wrong you must make like right appear.

XII.

"Reports you must write in pure Kálmuck;
I hate the nasty colour blue;
Let it be red, the book large-sized,
The accounts all flaring, though not true.

XIII.

"'Thus Zubber acts,' 'thus Zubber thinks,'
'This Zubber means,' 'that Zubber hopes;'
Such be the burden of your song,
Garnish'd with similes and tropes."

XIV.

"To hear is to obey," Bernádeen whined;
And ever from that doleful day,
While groan'd the land, the world sang loud
Of Zubber's deeds, the lying lay.

XV.

"Destroy, break down, root up, ignite:"
The orders follow'd thick and fast,
And thick and fast the waste went on,
While good men turn'd with fear aghast.

XVI.

"The Káffir, he must learn to ride,
The Káffir must not read Kálmuck,
Or, if the lazy dog will read,
Let him go read the big red book.

XVII.

"His purse is full; that must be cured:
Tillás[1] must not disturb his sleep:
We'll sweep the cash, then drain bad swamps,
And other hopeful deeds achieve."

XVIII.

Great was the name of Zubberdust Khán,
Great was his power for weal or woe;
The little weal he ever did
Brought with it, aye, a smashing blow.

[1] Tillá is a golden coin of Tártáry.

XIX.

The brilliant reign of Chingez Khán
Witness'd at last a brilliant deed,
Both Zubberdust and Bernádeen
Received the wrongful rulers' meed.

XX.

They both were hung, so legends tell;
And Bungloo's land with joy went mad,
The red book was no longer read,
For Chingez-self pronounced it bad.

THE SONG OF THE ERRANT KNIGHT.

I.

The electric wire the letters flash'd
That Zubberdust his spurs had won:
The witches sung, the warlocks danced,
The d—l, he join'd the cotillon!

II.

The Knight received the tidings glad
While in his mountain-home afar;
Beside him sat old Bernádeen,
And grim and crusty Eedagár.

III.

An unco sight it was to see
The three old carles join hand in hand,
And reel as beldames drunk may reel
When on their legs they cannot stand.

IV.

Ho, Meckájee! come forth and list
The wond'rous tale of knighthood won,
And haste to join the merry dance
The d—l himself is leading on.

V.

Ring out! Ring out! The bugle brays,
The Knight must wander far and wide;
The impatient burghers fain would see
Their chief bedeck'd in knighthood's pride.

VI.

The witches on their broomsticks mount,
Sir Knight prefers to ride an ass;
His belted sword hangs by his side,
He dons his armour made of brass.

VII.

For spurs he uses dead men's bones,
His cuirass is of donkey-leather,
His helmet is of pewter gilt
Surmounted by a grey goose feather.

VIII.

Accoutred thus for peace or war,
Well-mounted on his braying steed,
Sir Knight sets forth, by valour fired,
To win the daring chieftain's meed.

IX.

In days of yore Sir Hudibras
A tailor took for faithful Squire;
A barber's trade old Bernádeen
Gives up to fan his master's fire.

X.

Bring forth a steed for Squire to ride,
A biggish goat from Pátná's land,
Such as the gipsy jugglers lead
For apes to mount from strand to strand.

XI.

Well-mounted now are Knight and Squire,
The witches and the warlocks all;
The d—, he rides a large black cat,
And thus they leave their mountain-hall.

XII.

And thus they tramp through hill and dale,
Through Bungloo's land they forward go,
From north to south, from east to west,
Listening to the tales of woe.

XIII.

From jail to jail, as Howard went;
To locks-up, which he did not see;
From Gunduck's vale where poppies grow,
To Teestá's banks where waste-lands lie.

XIV.

On, on, they march; 'cross swamp and ditch,
With hooting boys behind their back;
Amazed in crowds the burghers throng,
Or curiously their footsteps track.

XV.

"Are they gone mad?" the bumpkins ask;
"Such pageant sure we ne'er did see;"
The housewives look with fear askance,
The young girls giggle in their glee.

XVI.

Crown them with bays, ye silly jades!
Where's now your shrill-toned, wild *wooloo?*[2]
Behold your Knight of high emprise!
Behold his mettled warriors true!

XVII.

The bays are brought, and sandal white,
With leaves and flowers the Knight is crown'd,
And garlands on his neck are thrown;
The housewives kiss him all around.

XVIII.

A kiss Bernádeen fain would get,
They only tweak him by the nose;
They pull the ears of Meckájee,
And Eedagár comes in for blows.

[2] A shriek of joyous welcome. Lord Northbrook received it on visiting some Hindu temples.

XIX.

The fun and frolic furious grow;
Behold the sky is overcast;
The d—l has left his large black cat,
And rides upon the blatant blast.

XX.

The witches shriek, the warlocks rave;
The Knight and Squire are whirl'd away!
In palace-hall or gay parterre
None e'er has seen them since that day.

THE END.

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